



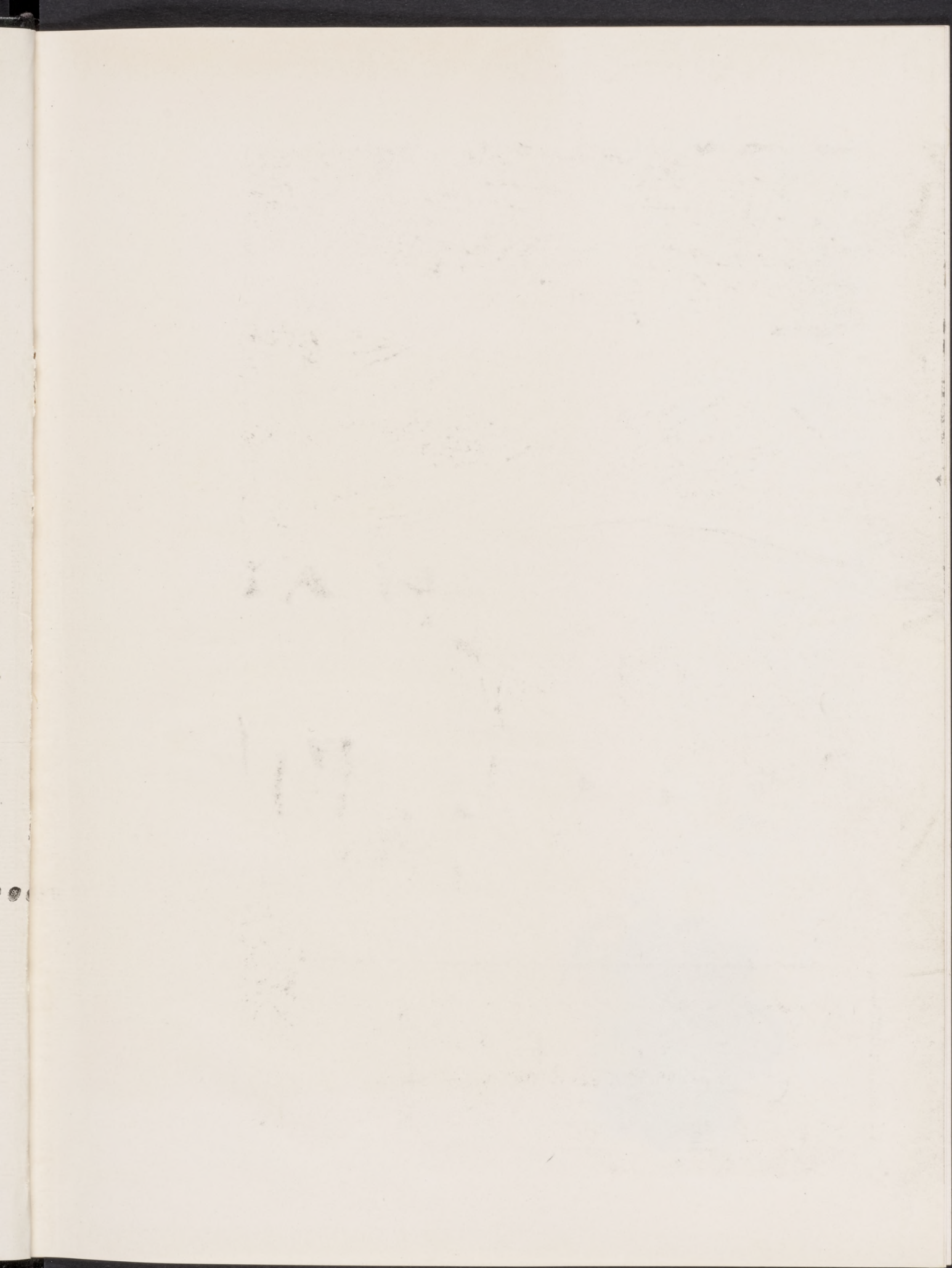
SAN GORGONIAN

1 9 4 3

Day Hanks



Howdy Folks...







SAN GORGONIAN



Published annually by the Senior Class
of Banning High School



Editor-in-Chief
Julia Warner



Associate Editor
Frank Wiefels



EDITOR'S MESSAGE

President Roosevelt has expressed our war aims in terms of what he calls the "Four Freedoms." He said we are fighting to maintain freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of religion, and freedom of speech and press.

Aware as we were of the place of the four freedoms in our life, we could think of no better theme for our book than the life of the pioneers in the Old West. Their way of life seemed to reflect such a high ideal of these four freedoms.

The first settlers were free from want, for food was indeed plentiful, if not in one's own household, then certainly in a neighbor's, for hospitality attained its fullest meaning then.

The men and women of the Old West feared only one thing—Nature, and Nature they could conquer by their own efforts. They had no fear of government, for the government left them strictly alone.

Freedom of religion was a cherished and loved liberty by the early settlers. They worshipped or not as they chose at the church of their choice. Westerners were noted for their respect for God.

Freedom of speech and press was not limited by anyone or anything, so long as a man could find a place to speak, or a printing press to publish his work.

In the world of unrest we can think of no better future plan than a world as symbolized by the life of the pioneers of the West and their love for an attainment of freedom.

—JULIA WARNER

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- ★ *Classes*
- ★ *Activities*
- ★ *Sports*



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DEDICATION



DEDICATION

We, the class of '43, proudly dedicate this book to a man who has worked for our school unceasingly and untiringly in the capacity of friend, teacher, and counsellor.

In the time he has been here, he has yearly increased the prestige of our school, particularly in the field of public speaking where Banning has won numerous plaques and cups.

We, therefore, gladly dedicate this book to Mr. Day Hanks in honor, not only of his achievements, but also of his fine character and personality.

MESSAGE TO SENIORS

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;

"They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth."

These lines, written by James Russell Lowell one hundred years ago in a poem called "The Present Crisis", carry a message for us today. I commend to you the whole stirring poem.

All of us again are in a very present crisis and we must needs "upward still and onward" if we'd keep abreast of Truth. I have confidence in the younger generation, and I have special confidence in that part of the younger generation made up of you high school seniors. You will take up your duties, new, trying, and perilous though they prove to be and you must and will succeed.

Your sincere well-wisher,

Wm. C. Gunnerson

Sincerely yours
W. C. Gunnerson



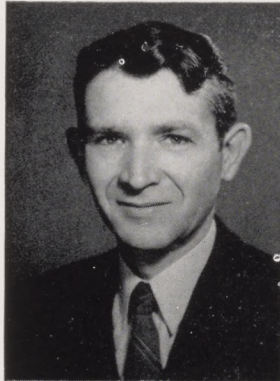
SCHOOL BOARD

William Westerfield, Rose Thompson, John Minney, Esther McClean, Raymond Trudeau, Dr. Gunnerson.

FACULTY

MR. ALEXANDER

B. A., Panhandle A & M
M. S., Colorado State
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Metal Shop
Mechanical Drawing



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Latin
Biology
English



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Arts & Crafts
Home Economics



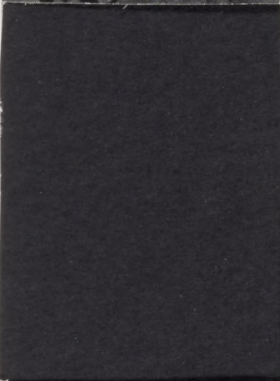
MR. DAWSON

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Orientation
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Chemistry
Math III



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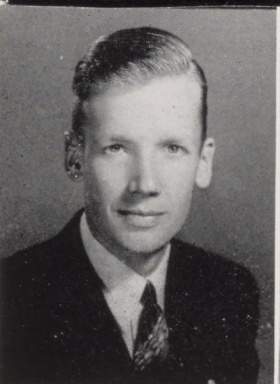
B. A., Univ. of Utah
Office Secretary



*Lucia M. Keller
"2" Lucie Parker*

MR. LEWIS

B. A., Univ. of Oregon
M. A., College of Pacific
Glee Club
Mixed Chorus
Orchestra
Instruments

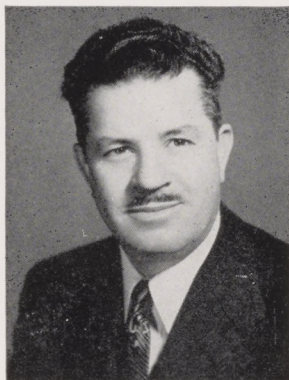


MISS MORGAN

B. S., Univ. of Idaho
Graduate Work, Univ. of
So. Calif.
Typing
Shorthand
Bookkeeping

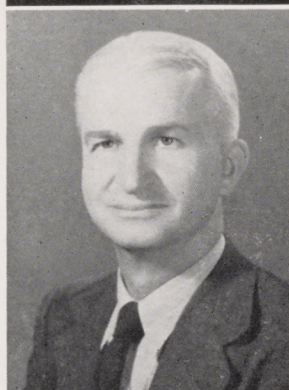


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B. A., Univ. of Redlands
U. S. C. and Claremont
Graduate Work
American Government
Preflight
Orientation



MR. TOSTINSON

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Graduate Work, French and Ger-
man Colleges.
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Chemistry
Math III & IV

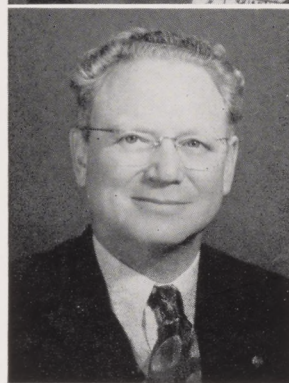
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B. A., Parsons, Iowa
U. S. C., Graduate Work
Girls P. E.
English



MR. BARNARD

B. A., Univ. of Arizona
LL. B., Univ. of Colorado
M. A., Colorado State College
English
Orientation





Julia Warner, Editor; Arland Privett, Business Manager; Frank Wiefels, Associate Editor; Alice Feldt, Secretary; Inez Eidson, Treasurer; Arlo Russell, Sports; Judy Whitlock, Advertising; Joann Vaughan, Literary; Gladie Austin, Activities; Gwen Anderson, Art; Jim Hunt, Photography.

ANNUAL STAFF



SENIORS OF '43

LLOYD ALBRIGHT

Intramural Baseball 41
Intramural Basketball 43



AMPARO M.
ARREOLA

G. A. A. 41-42
Girls' League 39-43
Dancing Club 39-41
Etiquette Club 41
Spanish Club 42



GWEN ANDERSON

Junior Class Secretary
Student Body Secretary
Annual Staff



GLADIE AUSTIN

G. A. A. 43
Annual Staff
Operetta 41-43
Girls' League
Dancing Club 42



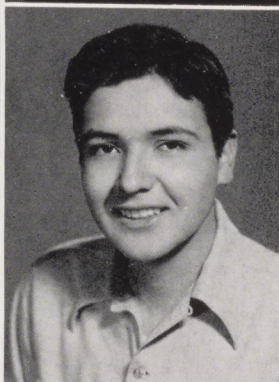
RUFINA BARAJAS

Girls' League
Etiquette Club
Spanish Club

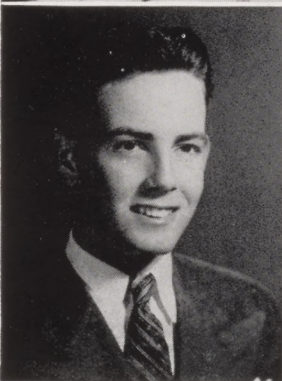


CLARENCE BIRD

Debate
N. F. L.
Block "B" 41-42-43

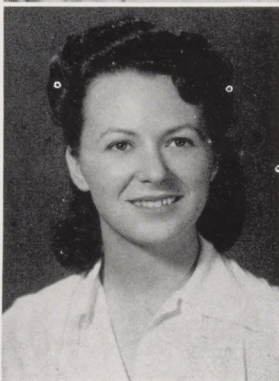


CHADWICK C.
BRINTON



MARGARET
BUNDICK

D. A. R.
G. A. A. 38-39-40
Junior Play
Girls' League



SENIORS OF '43

ROBERT BUTTLES

Junior Play
Scholarship one
semester
Block "B" 41-42-43

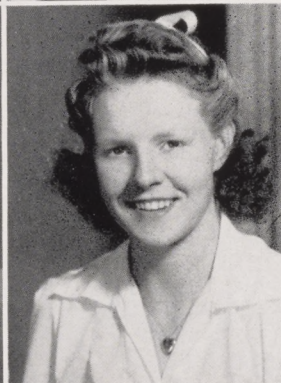


INEZ EIDSON

Girls' League
Operetta 40-41
Treasurer Freshman
Class 40
Annual Staff
Dancing Club 42

ALICE FELDT

G. A. A. 4 years
Senior Class Officer
Girls' League Vice-Presi-
dent, 43
Annual Staff
Home Economics Club,
41-42
Senior Play
Etiquette Club 41

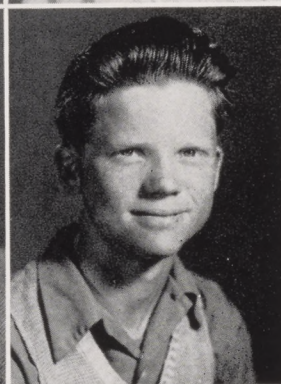


BETTY GRAY

G. A. A. President 42-43
Girls' League
Tennis 43
Home Economics Club

MARVIN HIGGINS

Operetta 43
Dancing Club 4 years

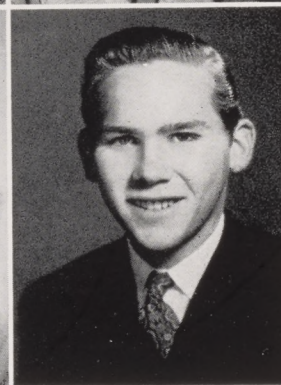


ROBERT IRVIN

Football
Basketball
Block "B"
Baseball
Debate
N. F. L.

MARJORIE JOHNSON

Operetta 4 years
Junior Play
Senior Play
G. A. A. 4 years
Secretary Girls' League,
41-42
President Girls' League,
43, 1st semester
Dancing Club
Tennis



DON KEELE

Vice President Student
Body
Operetta 42
Football 40-41, Captain,
42
Orchestra 4 Years
Basketball 40
Junior Play 42
Mixed Chorus 42
Vice President Junior
Class

SENIORS OF '43

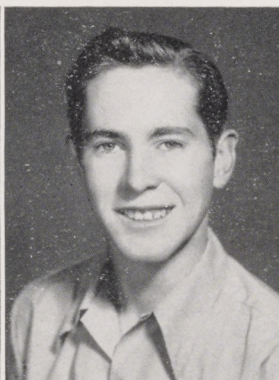
LOWELL LEWIS

Basketball 4 years
Baseball 41-42
Operetta 4 years
Quartet 42-43
Junior Play
Senior Play



KENNETH LITTLE

Senior Play
Track 41
Basketball 40



VICTORIA MIGUEL

G. A. A. 43
Sherman Institute Ass't
Commissioner of Safety 41-42



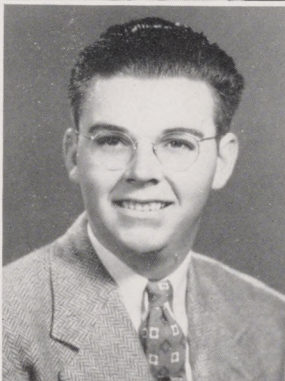
OLIVER OCHSNER

Manual Arts High School
Athletic Manager

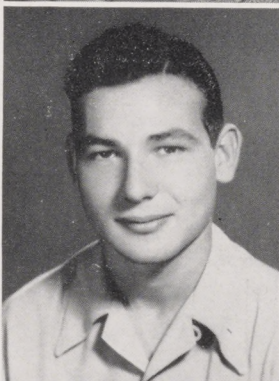


BUSTER PETERS

President Freshman
Class
Orchestra 4 years
Football 40-41-42
Baseball 41-42
Archery Club



RICHARD PIKE



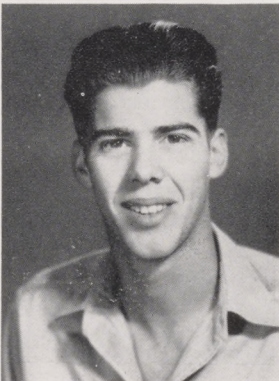
ARLAND PRIVETT

Class President 41-43
Football 42
Operetta 43
Baseball 41



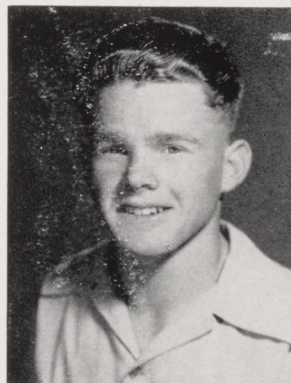
ARLO RUSSELL

Football 42
Operetta 42-43
Student Council
Student Body President
Senior Play
Block B
Annual Staff



SENIORS OF '43

WALTER SCOTT



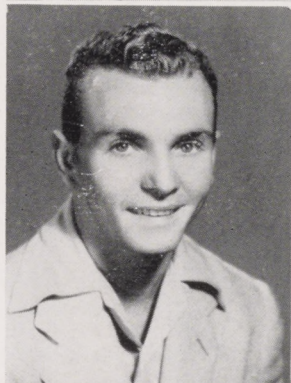
CLARINE SEYMOUR

Operetta 4 years
Girls' League
Senior Class Secretary



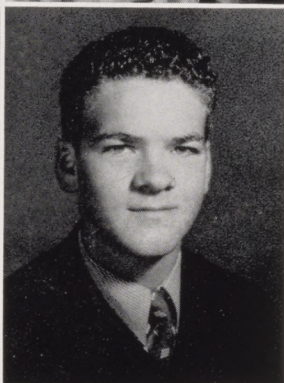
HAROLD SIMS

Football
Basketball
Baseball
Block "B"



BILL STEWART

Student Body President,
42
Football 41-42
Basketball 40-41
Operetta 4 years
Junior Play
Student Council 41-42
Class President 40



MARTHA TERRILL

Girls' League
Scholarship
Operetta 43
Debate, Horton, Kansas
Home Ec. Club, Horton,
Kansas

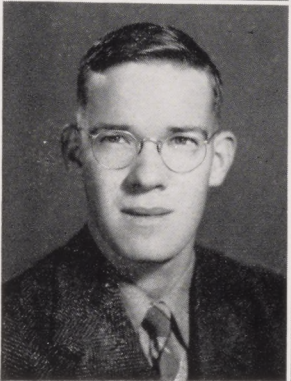


JOANN VAUGHAN

Vice President Senior
Class
G. A. A.
Annual Staff
Junior Play
Senior Play
Dancing Club
Girls' League
Jr. Class Treasurer

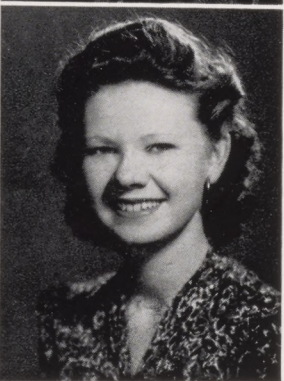


DWIGHT WALKER



JULIA WARNER

Girls' League President
Broncho Broadcast-Editor
Scholarship 4 years
Annual Staff
N. F. L.
G. A. A. 4 years
Junior Class Officer



SENIORS OF '43



JUDY WHITLOCK

Annual Staff
Operetta Lead
Senior Play
Mixed Chorus 4 years
Hostess Club 2 years,
Bakersfield High
High School Trio and
Double Quartet, Bakersfield
G. A. A.



FRANK WIEFELS

Scholarship 41
Student Body Vice President
Student Council
Football 42
Annual Staff
Block B



DOROTHY
WILLIAMS

Operetta
G. A. A. 40-43
Girls' League

WILL

Lloyd Albright wills his quiet ways to Phyllis Jones.
Amparo Arreola wills her sweet smile to Estella Flores.
Gwen Anderson wills her beautiful eyes to Barbara Arnold.
Gladys Austin wills the Saturday night dances to Sally Colbaugh.
Rufina Barajas wills her black hair to Anna Martin.
Clarence Bird wills his intellect and genius to the ignoramus, Dicky Johnson.
Chad Brinton wills his nuts and bolts to a screwball, Pat Ramsey.
Margaret Bundick will take her little bundle of joy with her.
Robert Buttles wills his screwy airp'ane ideas to anyone screwy enough to accept them.
Inez Eidson wills "Midway" to anyone with enough gas to get there.
Alice Feldt wills her engagement ring to Norma Kirby.
Betty Gray will swap her "Chili Bowl" for Shirley Partch's "put-put."
Marvin Higgins wills his freckles to anyone who is doing without.
Bobby Irvin wills his artistic ability to Victor Hansen.
Marjorie Johnson wills her pleasing personality to Barbara Chandler.
Don Keele wills his rugged ways to Howard Sartin.
Lowell Lewis wills his ability to act (if that's what it's called) to Billy Griswold.
Kenneth Little wills his freight job to anyone with a lump of muscle.
Victoria Miguel wills her quiet manner to Nettie Jean Rice.
Oliver Ochsner wills his Ford to Johnny Seymour. He's got tires! (I heard)
Buster Peters wills his "butch" haircut to Bobby Black.
Richard Pike wills his pressing job to anyone slightly wrinkled.
Arland Privett wills his favorite soda-jerk, Barbara Stacey, to Hal.
Arlo Russell wills his height to Wally Moore.
Walter Scott wills his "manly physique" to Bob Smith.
Clarine Seymour hasn't the right to say what she wills. She's not the boss now!
Harold Sims wills his Coast Guard uniform to Donny Miller.
Billy Stewart wills his so-called car (the old jalopy) to Wayne Germain.
Martha Terrill wills the U. S. O. to any girl who likes to dance.
Joann Vaughan wills her "perfect" attendance to Mary Hill.
Dwight Walker wills his mail route to Margie Berdan. Let her play postoffice awhile!
Julia Warner wills her silly giggle to Toni Palmer.
Judy Whitlock wills her nightingale voice to anyone who can't sing a note.
Frank Wiefels wills his ambulance to the football team.
Dorothy Williams wills her ambitions to be a WAAC to Juanita McCann.

BIOGRAPHY

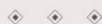
SENIOR	NICKNAME	PET SAYING
Lloyd Albright	"Lloyd"	"Special Delivery"
Amparo Arreola	"Amparo"	"Si Si, Senor"
Gwen Anderson	"Pat"	"I suppose"
Gladie Austin	"Freck"	"The fleet's in"
Rufina Barajas	"Rufina"	"Creo Que Si"
Clarence Bird	"A. C."	"Well A. C. said"
Chad Brinton	"Shadrack"	"Have you seen Betty?"
Margaret Bundick	"Marg"	"When Roy comes home"
Robert Buttles	"Brain"	"Only a year now"
Inez Eidson	"Eddie"	"Oh, gosh"
Alice Feldt	"Hedy"	"Oh, meow!"
Betty Gray	"Betsy"	"Now Buster"
Marvin Higgins	"Hig"	"I can't do it"
Robert Irvin	"Shanty Irish"	"I've been in sick bay"
Marjorie Johnson	"Hag"	"Where's my M. P.?"
Don Keele	"Louie the I"	"What ya say, sonny?"
Lowell Lewis	"Romeo"	"You'd be so nice to come home to"
Kenneth Little	"Kenny"	"You don't love me!"
Victoria Miguel	"Tita"	"Ah, gee"
Oliver Ochsner	"Fritz"	"Got a gas stamp?"
Buster Peters	"Kmetovic"	"Let's join the Navy?"
Richard Pike	"Little John"	"When Bumps comes up!"
Arland Privett	"Pete"	"Seen my little woman?"
Arlo Russell	"Louie the II"	"Give you a penny, Helen"
Walter Scott	"Scotty"	"Oh, I dunno"
Clarine Seymour	"Clarine"	"Yes, Donnie"
Harold Sims	"Goldbrick"	"Home was never like this"
Billy Stewart	"Bill"	"Mooo"
Martha Terrill	"Marty"	"See you at the U. S. O."
Joann Vaughan	"Jo"	"Ain't it awful?"
Dwight Walker	"Dewitt"	"Heh, heh"
Julia Warner	"Julie"	"Mr. Hanks said"
Judy Whitlock	"Judy"	"My men and I"
Frank Wiefels	"Hogan"	"Quit your—?"
Dorothy Williams	"Dot"	"I had a man once"

POEMS OF THE YEAR

The Moon Is Down

O, hoarse the cry spread o'er the town.
It whispered low, "The Moon Is Down!"
The light of freedom from the sky
God may I see it for I die!
God, grant to us peace in this world
That we shall not from homes be hurled
Into the murky hell of war!
But give us peace forever more.
And grant us hope and charity,
And faith, Yes, God, and liberty.
That under her, we may be right
Not groping blindly in the night,
Of hate and greed and strife and sin
But give our souls light from within
That we may overthrow at last
The hated tyrants choking grasp!
And all be brothers, white and brown.
The moon will rise and ne'er go down!

MARY HILL



Barren Spring

The world once more wakes from its winter's rest,
"Tis spring again," all nature gladly sings.
To man their Mother Earth such beauty brings,
That each declares this spring of all the best.
The hearts of all who see are filled with mirth:
Once more the Lord gives sight to those once blind.
The birds their carols raise to tell mankind
That God has not forsaken his own earth.
Yet to my heart that spring has failed to come
The world which lives in me goes sleeping on.
While at the voice of spring glad hearts rejoice
The heart which in me beats ignores that voice.
The birds are mute, the sky's no longer blue;
My own small world is barren without you.

FLORENCE LOCKWOOD

POEMS OF THE YEAR

Of't When In Silence and In Stillness Lone

Of't when in silence and in stillness lone,
I think of earth's cold cruelty and I weep
For heartless, homeless, and the ancient crone.
What can life hold for these who near death creep?
Would not the restfulness of death be yet more sweet
Than life alone, beloved by none who cares
Which path is taken by these failing feet?
Where life is naught and only death is fair?
But yet mayhap their lives are not so dread.
For God has made the earth more lovely still.
Are not the living better than the dead?
What shall it take their wishes to fulfill?
Kind words, contentment and the warmth of love.
All glory in the heaven and God above.

MARY HILL



A Soldier's Thoughts

The battlefield is quiet tonight
The earth no longer shakes with might;
The guns have ceased their firing,
Until tomorrow, again untiring.

In lonely hours so bleak and dreary,
I think of home, and tho' so weary,
I think of dad and mom and Lee;
And wonder if they, too, are thinking of me.

The sun says it is 6:00 A. M.
The enemy will soon return again,
My gun beside me, here we lie;
Waiting, for planes to fill the sky.

Once more we battle for freedom strong
A bullet has my name, life is short, or long?
Maybe tomorrow, maybe today;
Death lures near me any way.

I feel it in my open soul;
For me, I know death's bells will toll;
But first I'll fight, fight to the end,
Of my short life, my sins to mend.

The shells are whizzing o'er my head;
We'll damn the enemy who dare to tread
On our free soil, and we'll make him pay
For all the grief he has caused today.

Alas! The bullet bore my name,
My prayers to God are not the same;
Death has raised its ugly head,
I go now to my eternal bed.

MARJORIE JOHNSON

ESSAY OF THE YEAR

YOUTH

Youth, industrious, courageous, faithful; youth, looking through the problems of today to those more impending problems of the future; youth, involved in the present bloody struggle to free an iron-shackled world, has not forgotten the lesson taught them by those youths who fought two decades ago. They realize that they have a great job before them.

When we send our youth to the battlefield we know that the trust we place in them will not be betrayed. They are facing an adventure which is strange to them. Yet they are filled with a desire to gain from that experience the valuable lesson it offers.

And from that lesson and the lessons of the past they will secure the knowledge which will enable them to establish a just and durable peace. They will not be found wanting when they face those great problems of the future.

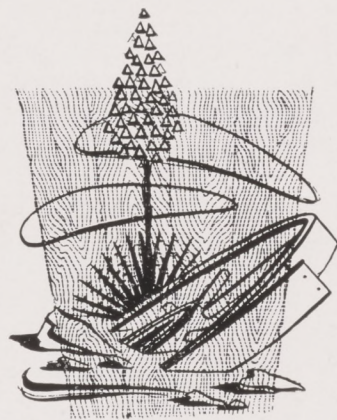
They know from the fateful experience of those who preceded them that their job does not end when they thankfully lay down their weapons. And so they look forward confidently to that enormous and complicated problem of establishing a successful post-war world.

And standing strongly behind them is their priceless heritage. They stand firm in the conviction that they are right, and that those rights for which they fight are worth any sacrifice, even that of their own lives. For they know that by giving their lives they may insure freedom from want and fear to millions.

Those youths who fought before have not died in vain, for from them our youth today takes up a challenge and from their courage finds its own.

So let us place undying faith in these youth, who while they fight are not blind to what lies ahead. These dauntless youth possess the courage and determination which will see them through to a victorious end. Youth marches on!

FLORENCE LOCKWOOD.



CLASSES



A POET

I often wonder if a poet
Has a trying time
Putting down his thoughts in ink
And getting them to rhyme.

But when I see a babbling brook
My notions all reverse
It isn't hard to understand
Why a poet writes a verse.

I often wonder how musicians
Express the beauty of a sound
And through the touch of a piano
Spread life's beauty all around.

But when I see the stars above
Or the glory of the moon
It isn't so hard to understand
Why a musician writes a tune.

To me it is a marvel
And it seems I'll never know
How man can put on canvas
All the scenes he wants to show.

But when I see the sunrise
Or the tone of nature's green
It isn't hard to understand
Why a painter paints a scene.

I've often truly wondered
How all life came to be
And why nature holds her secrets
From the hearts of you and me.

Of why nature holds her secrets
I do not see or realize
But a poet, painter, and musician
Bring the answer closer to my eyes.

WILMA BUCHEN



Back Row: J. Koppes, E. Cox, J. Hunt, R. Weber, B. Smith, D. Miller, J. Seymour, H. Sartin, R. Westfall, B. Griswold, W. Boyle, F. Love, F. Krause.

Center Row: Miss Morgan, B. Huffman, F. Black, B. Stacey, M. Hill, D. Sanford, S. Partch, M. Lascomb, W. Buchen, A. Palmer, E. Parsons, A. Martin, E. Flores, V. Palacios.

Front Row: A. Olguin, G.DeLopez, E. Hill, P. Ramsey, F. Lockwood, J. McCann, C. Jackson, I. Pizinger, V. Sullivan, E. Hafner, S. Colbaugh, J. Douglas, J. Irwin, E. Morris, B. Bolt.

CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester		Second Semester
Don Miller	President	Mary Hill
Barbara Stacey	Vice-President	Russ Westfall
Mary Hill	Secretary	Shirley Partch
Winona Martin	Treasurer	
Howard Sartin	Sgt.-at-Arms	Howard Sartin

JUNIORS



Third Row: H. Arreola, D. Weaver, B. Williams, W. Germain, B. Black, E. Derington, S. Krause, D. Judy, D. Smith, B. Colling, R. Boyle, D. Satterfield.
 Second Row: N. Rice, E. Sanchez, F. Lyman, D. Huff, W. Moore, L. Meston, P. Jones, B. Torrance, E. Bird, D. Williams, B. Dennet.
 First Row: N. Kirby, G. Schneider, T. Peters, B. Arnold, E. Nay, M. Scott, M. Andrew, M. Morris, M. Johnston, M. Spayth, B. Kinnaird, M. Lashlee.

CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester		Second Semester
Barbara Arnold	President	Eugene Derington
Eugene Derington	Vice-President	Barbara Arnold
Marie Scott	Sec. Treas.	Marie Scott
Bob Black	Sgt. at Arms	Bob Black
Darlene Williams	Yell Leader	Darlene Williams

SOPHOMORES



Third Row: P. Ellis, H. Ellington, E. Hemmerling, C. Love, A. Rice, J. Pete, C. Irwin, H. Dugger, G. Seymour, H. Quintana; Second Row: B. Sullivan, N. Ragan, W. Stanfield, B. Millar, J. Underhill, J. Hart, J. Habegar, M. Rivas, F. Sutton, D. Johnson; First Row: Miss Alpert, C. Jones, J. Zavala, B. Garcia, A. Palacios, D. Yanez, D. Carter, V. Lamons, J. Cornelison, M. Colling, B. Cox.

FRESHMEN

First Semester

Victor Hansen
Ken Weaver
Bettie Sullivan
Bert Quimby

CLASS OFFICERS

President
Vice President
Secretary
Sgt.-at-Arms

Second Semester

Arthur Gray
Jerry Strobridge
Marjean Colling
George Seymour



Third Row: C. Higgins, A. Gray, G. Habegar, K. Weaver, B. Ritter, L. Buchen, L. Seymour, B. Dugger, J. Rice; Second Row: T. Nay, V. Wood, G. Brinton, V. Hansen, J. Strobridge, R. Nelson, O. Adams, D. Ackley; First Row: J. McCann, C. Sparks, L. McCarty, B. Chandler, D. Armstrong, H. Davis, P. Urton, A. Crawford, G. Goldflam.



ACTIVITIES





Back Row: A. Russell, D. Miller, A. Privett, D. Keele, G. Anderson.

Center Row: F. Wiefels, B. Griswold, W. Germain, B. Arnold, M. Hill, B. Stacey, Mr. Powell, B. Stewart, J. Seymour.

Front Row: A. Gray, W. Moore, V. Hansen.

STUDENT COUNCIL

I became very much interested in the Student Council when I heard of the grand job they were doing. After attending one meeting I found that the Student Council is the nucleus of our school's democratic way of life.

I discovered that the Student Council, among other things, drafts and brings before the Student Body proposed amendments to our Constitution. It also decides on the policies of our school activities. Vacancies in the Student Body offices are filled by appointment by the Student Council.

The Student Council is composed of the Student Body Officers and the various class presidents. The Student Council is, of course, presided over by the President of the Student Body.

I am proud to say that our school is run in such a democratic manner, but I am more proud of the nation that has made such democracy possible.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

First Semester

Bill Stewart
Don Keele
Gwen Anderson
John Seymour
Wayne Germain

President

Vice President

Secretary-Treas.

Manager of Student Affairs

Yell Leader

Second Semester

Arlo Russell
Frank Wiefels
Gwen Anderson
Bill Griswold
Wally Moore

CLASS PRESIDENTS

First Semester

Arland Privett
Don Miller
Barbara Arnold
Victor Hansen

Senior

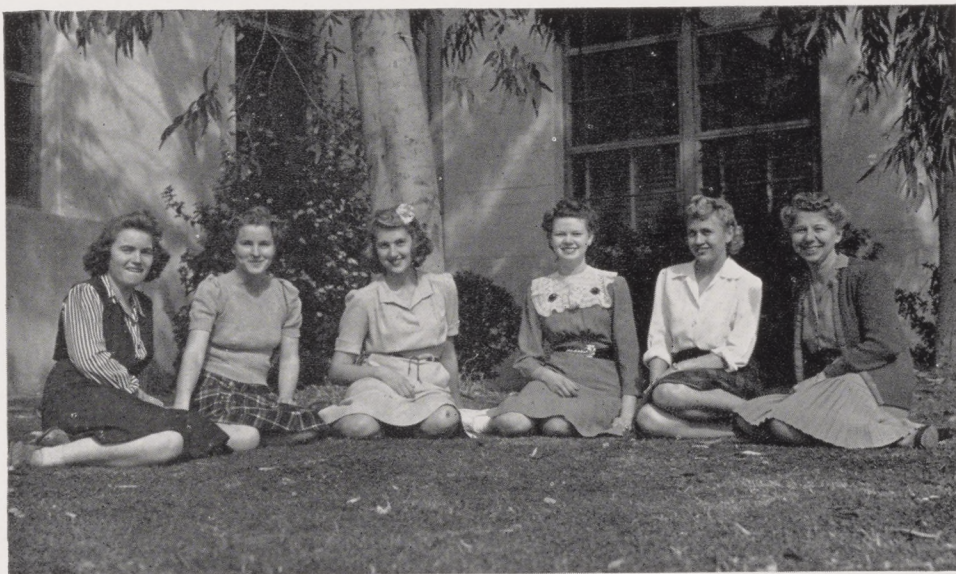
Junior

Sophomore

Freshman

Second Semester

Arland Privett
Mary Hill
Eugene Derington
Arthur Gray



N. Kirby, A. Feldt, M. Hill, J. Warner, M. Johnson, Mrs. Varney.

I belonged to Girls' League just as every girl in school did. We girls knew each other better after the Get-Acquainted-Party in the Fall. Later in the year, April 9th to be exact, we sponsored the Annual Spinster's Dance at which the girls paid for everything, including tickets and flowers, and even furnished the car (with or without tires.) The theme of the dance this year was "Rhapsody in Blue." The Study Hall was transformed from a dull study room into an enchanting ballroom by the use of varying shades of blue crepe paper. We were also very fortunate in having an orchestra.

The next event put on by the Girls' League honored our mothers with the traditional Mother's Day Tea. Even though the war curtailed so many of our activities, I was glad we were able to continue with our delightful traditions.

Mrs. Varney is our sponsor.

First Semester

President—Marjorie Johnson
Vice President—Alice Feldt
Secretary—Mary Hill
Treasurer—Neva Parsons

Second Semester

President—Julia Warner
Vice President—Alice Feldt
Secretary—Mary Hill
Treasurer—Norma Kirby

GIRLS' LEAGUE



Third Row: W. Buchen, A. Russell, M. Hill, J. Warner, B. Torrance, M. Scott, M. Colling.
 Second Row: Mr. Hanks, P. Ellis, C. Higgins, A. Gray, C. Bird, B. Stewart, J. Seymour, S. Krause.
 First Row: E. Derington, D. Judy, H. Sartin, B. Griswold, F. Lockwood, J. Hunt, D. Miller.

"Banning! where's that?" "Oh, it's back in the woods, somewhere. Big illiteracy, I believe."

Yes, this is what I heard when I went to the 1942 Fall Citrus Belt League Tournament. The tournament was over. The big schools were singing a different tune and they had good reason to for Banning had walked away with 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th places. I saw the teams composed of Bill Griswold and Howard Sartin, Florence Lockwood and Jim Hunt tie for first place, while Eugene Derington and Daniel Judy had tied with John Seymour and Don Miller for third place and finally Bob Irwin and Clarence Bird had tied with San Bernardino for fifth place.

It was really unprecedented when we had to hold the final round of the C. B. D. L. tournament in our own assembly! Howard and Bill won.

I walked around with my head in the air at the Spring Tournament at San Bernardino High School, for we had a real reputation. I felt even more proud for Howard and Bill won first place and Don Miller and John Seymour took third place. I felt like shouting "Now you know where Banning is!"

I was disappointed that the C. B. D. L. Freshman-Sophomore Tournament wasn't held. We had one for Banning's Freshmen and Sophomores. Eugene Derington and Daniel Judy defeated Wallace Moore and Jerry Thornton in the finals.

DEBATE



*Best of luck to
a swell
teacher
Arthur Gray
1718 S. Datz Lane
Alhambra
Calif.*

Second Row: D. Armstrong, P. Ellis, D. Miller, C. Bird, A. Russell, M. Hill, S. Krause, A. Gray, Mr. Hanks.
First Row: J. Warner, W. Moore, J. Hunt, F. Lockwood, H. Sartin, B. Griswold, E. Derington, D. Judy.

"I was there." Yes, I was there when Banning High School's Speech Department began functioning so well that we were admitted into the National Forensic League. I saw the small group of stalwarts, who first composed this honor league, invade the sacred territory of such impregnable schools as Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Hollywood and those other schools who, prior to the advent of Banning's pilgrimage, held the cups and trophies which signified state supremacy in the N. F. L. Then from the nucleus of the now supreme Banning Chapter, I saw Sophomores Bill Griswold and Howard Sartin take third and fourth, respectively, in Oratorical Declamation in the N. F. L. State. I saw the membership grow from nothing to 35th in the nation. This year, I saw our young aspirants send Banning to the number seven spot in national new membership and a tie for first in California. I saw the persons in the above photo pulling together to send Banning to national renown.

I was mighty proud when Howard Sartin won the County Legion Oratorical Contest and took second in the Southern California contest.

My proudest moment was when a Junior, Bill Griswold, topped off a glorious year by winning the number one spot in the California-Arizona N. F. L. District Oratorical Declamation. Bill duplicated this victory at Redlands State Tournament when he again took first. Howard topped them all in extempe, taking first place; and giving Banning second place in the tournament.

First Semester		Second Semester	
Howard Sartin	President	Bill Griswold	
Bill Stewart	Vice-President	Eugene Derington	
Florence Lockwood	Secretary	Florence Lockwood	
Bill Griswold	Treasurer	Florence Lockwood	

NATIONAL FORENSIC LEAGUE



Second Row: D. Williams, A. Palmer, B. Huffman, V. Sullivan, M. Colling, M. Spayth, J. McCann, J. Warner, Mrs. Bryden.

First Row: P. Ellis, K. Weaver, J. Brinton, M. Hill, F. Lockwood, B. Griswold, E. Derington, R. Buttles.

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP SOCIETY

As I walked down the hall, in the rotunda I saw an announcement for a meeting of the C. S. F.—better known to us dumb-bells as the Brain Trust Society. But as I walked away sneering at the thought of such an organization, I looked at my report card which had just been given to me. I stared blankly at it for an instant and then as the light dawned I saw that I had made the necessary ten points—Land sakes alive! I was a member of the California Scholarship Society! This was all in my Freshman Year and now I've been a member for four years. During this time I have had more real fun and enjoyment out of Banning High School than most students because of the enjoyable acquaintances I've made on the different trips to the various places of interest all over the Southland.

The C. S. F. has one day each semester that is given to the development of young America. That's us, I guess, and as far as I'm concerned the trips and the various affairs that are put on by the C. S. F. have given me a much better in-sight on how our school and the other High Schools of Southern California function and operate.

SCHOLARSHIP



Second row: J. Whitlock, M. Johnson, C. Seymour.
First row: H. Sartin, M. Higgins, A. Russell, A. Privett, D. Miller, L. Lewis, B. Griswold.

As I walked into the auditorium, Friday night of March 5, I noticed the grand crowd that had come to see the operetta, "Shreds and Patches."

And well named it was, for it was a collection of various Gilbert and Sullivan melodies. It seemed Director Darté was trying to produce a show but Mr. Coyly had spent all the money. Unless Director Darté produced the show he could not marry Miss Eileen. Harry Oliver, the wandering minstrel, came just in time to get the lead with Jenny Lind Nearly. Their little misunderstandings were because of Madame Zuviel, once a famous contralto soprano. Midas Goldentouch, Jenny's rich uncle, offered to pay Director Darté well if he would produce a bad show and ruin his niece's career. Madame Zuviel, with some old love letters, finally persuaded Mr. Goldentouch to produce a good show, or have his reputation ruined by a breach of promise trial. All ended well with plans for a triple wedding.

I know Mrs. Varney and Mr. Lewis were more than proud of the fine coaching they had done.

Director Darté	Howard Sartin
Eileen Gray	Clarine Seymour
Harry Oliver	Lowell Lewis
Jenny Lind Nearly	Judy Whitlock
Midas Goldentouch	Arland Privett
Madame Pattie Zuviel	Marjorie Johnson
Mr. Coyly	Don Miller
Mr. Mutterley	Arlo Russell
Stage Hand	Marvin Higgins
The Orchestra ——— Girls' Chorus ———	Mixed Chorus

OPERETTA



F. Black, J. McCann, E. Parsons, J. Seymour, C. Jackson, H. Sartin, M. Hill, A. Palmer
B. Griswold, F. Lockwood.

As I walked down the hall, two Juniors went madly rushing by. On noticing I was a Senior, they stopped suddenly and asked me to buy a ticket to their Junior play, with the argument that we wouldn't have a prom unless I helped. So—out of pure generosity, I bought a ticket.

On Friday, Dec. 11, 1942, I was more than surprised at the grand performance the Juniors presented!

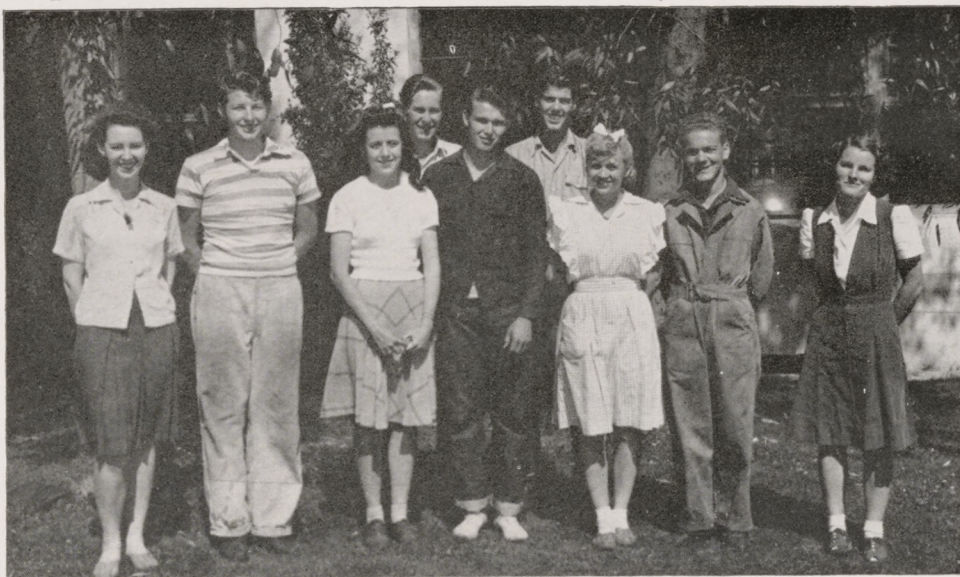
The play was the Fowler Player's version of Hollywood's version of a play. For an added attraction, they had invited a Broadway actress to act with them. As the play progressed and little Ruthie brought in a cackling and very irritated hen, the audience rolled in the aisles! When Kenneth and Danny administered cake to poor Hamlet, who had received the worst of the deal—well, Elmer, the janitor, had to sweep the audience out! The curtain finally fell as Julia scratched Kenneth's Summer Rash—poison oak.

The happy smiles of the directors, Mrs. Varney and Miss Morgan, were well earned.

THE CAST

Julia Sterling	Mary Hill
Kenneth Fowler	Howard Sartin
Danny Milton	Bill Griswold
Ruthie Peters	Alice Palmer
Hamlet Henderson	John Seymour
Carol Tayton	Charlotte Jackson
Mrs. Fowler	Florence Lockwood
Mrs. Hughes	Eva Parsons
Miss Brighton	Flora Jane Black
Messenger	Juanita McCann

JUNIOR PLAY



First Row: J. Vaughan, M. Higgins, J. Whitlock, L. Lewis, M. Johnson, B. Stewart, A. Feldt.
Second Row: K. Little, A. Russell.

The Senior Play finally got under way this year and turned out to be a comedy hit, "Good Gracious, Grandma!"

I was quite amused at the story itself. It seems Henry and George Breckenridge like to spend money rather than earn it. P-Sam, the colored house-boy, solves the problem of a chaperon for two girls coming to visit them when he finds a black dress and a wig. Thinking the father of Henry and George is there, the girls, Helen and Cecile Allen, arrive. It is a hilarious mixup as George dons the black dress and wig to play Grandma! Mrs. Lennox keeps things in hot water as she suspects the boys of stealing her clothes. When everything is straightened out and forgiven, Delicia, the colored maid, demands that she and P-Sam get married to make her an honest woman for she fears there has been no real chaperon present. There are prospects of three sets of wedding bells ringing out—or three sets of necks wrung!

I know Mrs. Varney and Mr. Lewis must have been proud of the results of their coaching.

THE CAST

Henry Breckenridge	Lowell Lewis
George Breckenridge	Billy Val Stewart
Mrs. Lennox	Alice Feldt
Helen Allen	Judy Whitlock
Cecile Allen	Margie Johnson
P-Sam	Marvin Higgins
Delicia	Joann Vaughan
Clancy	Kenneth Little
Wiggins	Arlo Russell

SENIOR PLAY



First Row: C. Sparks, D. Johnson, P. Ellis, A. Gray, V. Lamons.

Second Row: H. Davis, D. Armstrong, M. Colling, E. Hemmerling, Miss Alpert, J. McCann, N. Ragan.

I hardly knew what to expect as I walked into the auditorium Friday, April 16. "Aunt Tillie Goes to Town."—It sounded a little like everyday happenings. I was anxious to see how interesting such a title could be.

As I sat down the curtain went up on a very amusing play. It was full of interesting and exciting moments from which I nearly died laughing. There was quite a mixup as Melvin tried to escape the Chinese and not let Pamela, his fiancée, know where he was. Lizzie, the curious neighbor, got too noisy for comfort as she popped in and out unexpectedly. All ends well as Aunt Tillie and Larrimer go out for a good time.

Even Miss Alpert was a little surprised at the outcome. Mrs. Bryden and her helpers did a swell job on the setting.

CAST

Aunt Tillie Trask	Norma Jean Ragan
Lucinda	Janice McCann
Lizzie	Marjean Colling
Pamela	Colleen Sparks
Melvin	Dickie Johnson
Ronnie	Arthur Gray
Aunt Tillie Tucker	Helen Davis
Larrimer	Edward Hemmerling
Charlie One Lung	Phillip Ellis
Ellen	Doris Armstrong
Dr. Hattie Bing	Viola Lamons

FRESHMEN PLAY



Second Row: E. Hemmerling, J. Habeger, G. Brinton, O. Adams, B. Peters, B. Stewart, L. Buchen.

First Row: D. Ackley, M. Rivas, B. Ritter, D. Keele, M. Johnston, B. Millar.

As I wandered down the hall the other day, I heard the queerest sounds coming from the music room. As I peered in I noticed different students practicing on all kinds of instruments. I summoned enough courage to enter and ask Mr. Lewis a few questions.

I learned that these students were members of the Beginner's Instrument class. The school provides the instruments and instructions for these students to learn to play an instrument. There is an understanding that when they do, they will play in the school orchestra.

The purpose of the orchestra is to play at programs like the Operetta, the Junior and the Senior Plays. As added attractions, they also play at commencement and baccalaureate.

I noticed also, as time went by, that they helped make more than one assembly program more interesting.



ORCHESTRA



Second Row: G. Austin, J. McCann, B. Bolt, M. Morris, C. Seymour, G. Anderson, B. Arnold, H. Davis, D. Williams, B. Torrance.

First Row: M. Terrill, F. Lyman, B. Chandler, M. Johnson, D. Armstrong, L. Meston, M. Andrews, M. Scott, S. Colbaugh.

As a member of the Girls' Glee Club, I have found the singing we have done in class and in special programs to be not only instructive but entertaining, as well.

In class we practiced scales, learned to read music, and also received instruction in music appreciation. But all was not work, for we presented several Christmas programs, one at school, at the Kiwanis, and in several churches.

A trio composed of Marjorie Johnson, Mary Hill, and Clarine Seymour has entertained several times, putting on a show at the U. S. O. and also performing at the Public Schools' Week Program.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



Third Row: D. Johnson, D. Miller, M. Higgins, L. Lewis, A. Russell, A. Privett, L. Seymour, H. Sartin, J. Strobridge, R. Nelson.
 Second Row: M. Johnson, W. Buchen, J. Whitlock, M. Hill, B. Griswold, P. Ellis, B. Stewart, E. Parsons, G. Schneider, M. Johnston, A. Crawford.
 First Row: P. Ramsey, J. McCann, I. Pizinger, C. Jackson, C. Sparks, F. Lyman, N. Kirby, M. Scott.

As I interviewed Mr. Lewis, I learned that one of the many purposes of the Mixed Chorus is to expose the students to a better class of music than they hear outside of school.

I judged, from all the appearances they make at clubs and community entertainments, they are well liked. Also they entertain at various school programs such as the baccalaureate and graduation exercises.

From the group of students in Mixed Chorus were formed groups for extra entertainment such as: The Boys' Quartette, D. Miller, A. Russell, B. Stewart, and L. Lewis; the Girls' Trio, C. Seymour, M. Hill and M. Johnson. The chief solo students this year were C. Seymour, J. Whitlock and L. Lewis.

I'm sure Mr. Lewis is very proud of the students to whom he presented four year Music Pins.

MIXED CHORUS



Third Row: H. Davis, Mrs. Varney, A. Feldt, J. Vaughan, B. Stacey, B. Chandler, A. Crawford, F. Lyman, B. Arnold, C. Jackson, G. Austin.
 Second Row: A. Olguin, E. Flores, E. Sanchez, V. Palacios, J. Whitlock, T. Peters, P. Urton, V. Lamons, A. Martin, V. Miguel, J. McCann, F. Black, M. Morris.
 First Row: A. Arreola, E. Nay, B. Kinnaid, S. Colbaugh, N. Kirby, B. Gray, N. Rice, E. Parsons, M. Andrew, M. Johnson, J. Warner, M. Johnston.

G. A. A.

Walking past the basketball court one day, I heard shouts of excitement. Wondering at the cause of so much gleeful shouting, I investigated and found the members of the Girls' Athletic Association enjoying a good game.

I decided that if the girls had that much fun, I would join. I found that basketball was not the only sport enjoyed. We played tennis, horse shoes, baseball, speedball, and volleyball. To remain a member, I had to earn twenty-five points a semester by playing one of the above mentioned sports.

G. A. A. gave a dance this year to replenish our dwindling funds. An election was held to crown the Queen of G. A. A. Each class was represented by a member of G. A. A. They were: —Marjorie Johnson—Senior, Barbara Stacey—Junior, Barbara Arnold—Sophomore, and Helen Davis—Freshman. Marjorie Johnson was the lucky girl and she was crowned Queen at the dance.

G. A. A. was a lot of fun this year; I would advise every girl to join. Mrs. Varney was our able sponsor.



G. A. A. OFFICERS

President	Betty Gray
Vice President	Nettie Jean Rice
Secretary and Treasurer	Norma Kirby



Third row: C. Bird, B. Peters, B. Stewart, F. Wiefels, J. Seymour, J. Koppes, D. Sanford, J. Hunt.
 Second row: E. Hemmerling, L. Lewis, D. Miller, B. Ritter, S. Krause, B. Black, H. Arreola, J. Pete.
 First Row: B. Smith, A. Russell, A. Privett, D. Keele, B. Griswold, D. Weaver, Coach Dawson.

BLOCK "B"

I noticed a lot of fellows wearing green lettermen sweaters with a big block "B" on each one. A little curiosity brought me around to asking one of the fellows all about it.

I was told that these fellows were members of Block "B", the boys' athletic club, sponsored by Coach Dawson. There are twenty-two members and to be eligible for membership they must make their letter in at least one major sport.

The boys seem to have a good time and once a year, during football season, they sponsor a dance. Fun is had by all and the boys have a chance to show off the stripes and letters they have earned.





First Row: R. Westfall, L. McCarty, M. Hill, J. Warner, A. Palmer, P. Urton.
Second Row: H. Sartin, Mr. Hanks, Miss Alpert, Miss Morgan, E. Derington.

Three times this year, while innocently walking down the hall, I have been caught in a throng of students madly dashing toward the Rotunda. Could it be they were giving away free gum, or ice cream or perhaps a rubber tire? Upon delving into the dilemma, I discovered the BRONCHO BROADCAST was on sale. I opened my copy with bated breath, wondering if my reputation had been made or broken by the "dirt dished out." But there was little dirt. Humor, news, editorials, personalities, but no scandal.

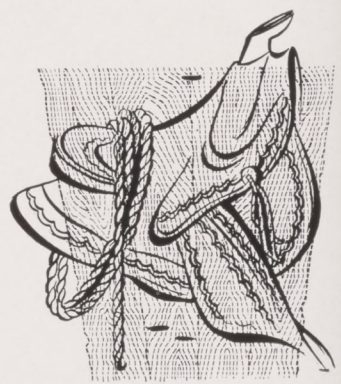
All three issues were exceptionally good, introducing new features as well as continuing with the traditional items. Some of the new features were: letters from our former students in the armed forces; "The Spotlight," a page of biographies of some of our more prominent students; "Echoes," a page devoted to the activities that took place in past years.

THE STAFFS

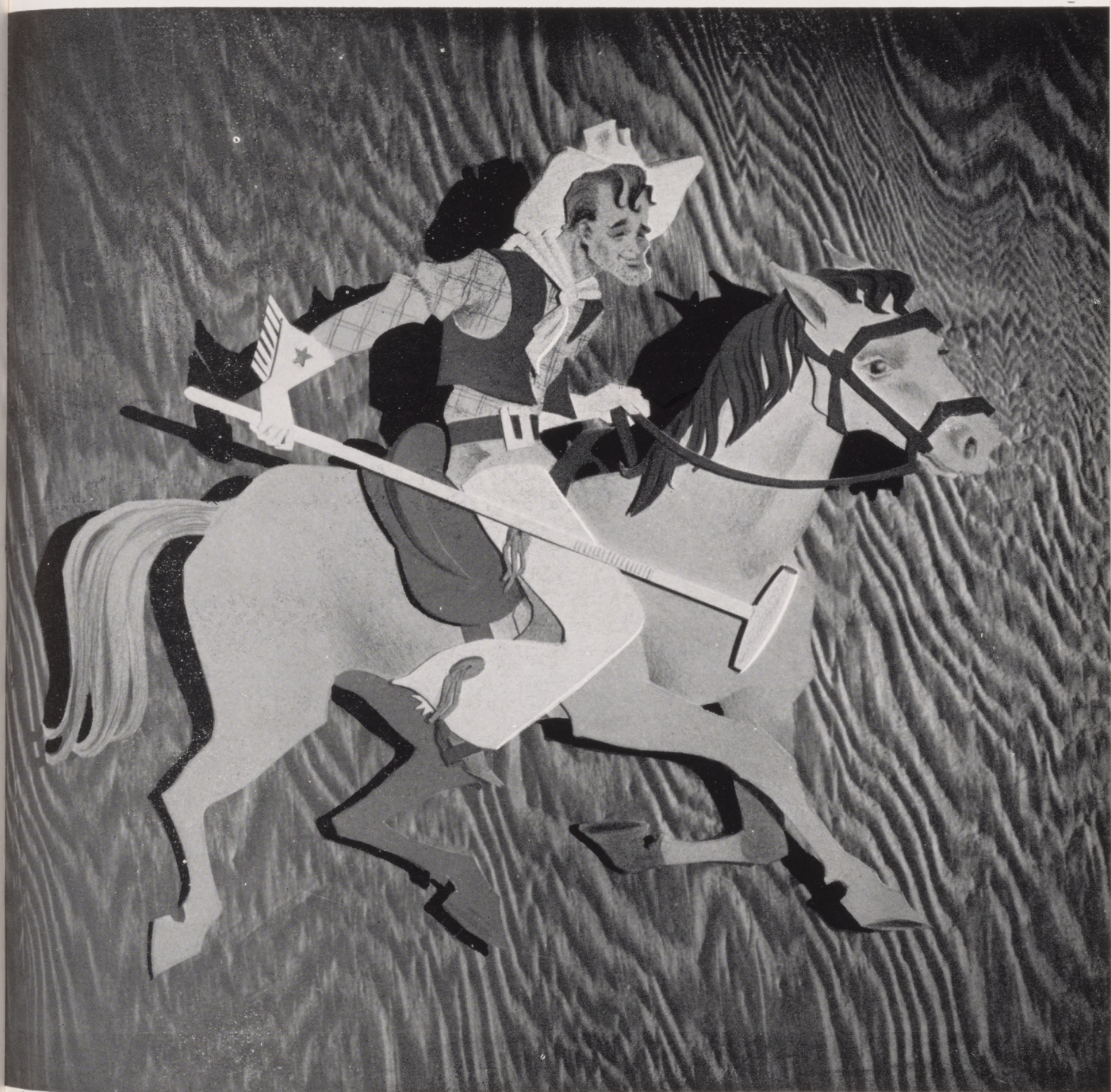
	FIRST	SECOND
Editor-in-Chief	Julia Warner	Howard Sartin
Assistant Editor		Alice Palmer
Activities	Phyllis Urton	Marjean Colling
Sports	Russ Westfall	Pat Ramsey
Social	Lou McCarty	Phyllis Urton
Echoes		Pat Ramsey
Spotlight		Florence Lockwood
Letters from Service Men		Pat Ramsey
Lovelorn	Dolly Dove	Dolly Dove
Humor	Mary Hill	Lou McCarty

BRONCHO BROADCAST





SPORTS





Watching the boys practice one day, I noticed that they showed a lot of "Fight and Fire." The boys practiced hard but due to the dismissal of school for two weeks to pick prunes, our team suffered a few setbacks. This experience drew down the name of "Prunepickers" for the team.

Our new instructor, Coach Dawson, introduced several new plays to the boys; one of these was the famous "T" formation. This play is especially intricate and requires a lot of practice which we were unable to get.

Most of this year's squad will return next year. The added experience ought to give us a championship.

We are proud of our team this year, for even if we did not win the games, we made a record of clean playing, good sportsmanship and plenty of courage.

FOOTBALL



Third Row: B. Smith, T. Ortega, Coach Dawson, R. Westfall, D. Madigan, A. Privett, D. Keele, A. Russell, F. Wiefels.

Second Row: B. Stewart, D. Miller, B. Black, J. Seymour, J. Hunt, B. Peters, D. Sanford, K. Little, D. Weaver.

First Row: B. Irvin, H. Sims, J. Crawford, H. Arreola, M. Pete.

LINE-UP

John Seymour	41	fullback
Don Keele	25	quarterback
Harold Sims	29	left half
Bobby Black	21	right half
Arlo Russell	38	right end
Jimmie Hunt	34	right tackle
Doyan Sanford	18	right guard
Frank Wiefels	43	center
Don Miller	40	left guard
Bob Smith	44	left tackle
Arland Privett	30	left end



Third Row: J. McCann, M. Mitchell, G. Austin, V. Lamons, J. Irwin, J. Douglas, M. Spayth, L. Lynch, F. Black, E. Parsons, A. Palmer, B. Stacey.
 Second Row: T. Peters, M. Johnston, J. Warner, A. Miller, L. Meston, D. Carter, C. Jackson, D. Williams, P. Urton, J. McCann.
 First Row: D. Armstrong, H. Davis, E. Nay, N. Kirby, S. Colbaugh, D. Clark, F. Lyman, B. Bolt, B. Torrance, D. Williams, M. Scott.

DRILL TEAM

During the half time, at all of our home football games, I was pleased to see a large group of girls marching out onto the field.

As I watched I marveled at the way these girls marched in such perfect co-ordination. Their evolutions and convolutions made a most beautiful sight as they made spirals, letters, and other designs.

To top the entertainment there were three majorettes dressed in high hats, white satin dresses, and whirling shining batons.





First Row: B. Black, W. Germain, B. Ritter.

Second Row: W. Stanfield, E. Hemmerling, D. Weaver, L. Lewis, S. Krause.

Shortly after football season, the basketball season started. Usually Banning has three teams consisting of A, B, and C teams. I noticed a slight decrease in teams this year and was told because of gas rationing we were allowed only one team.

Coach Dawson had several games lined up with Palm Springs, Beaumont, Coachella, and Redlands, but the season was jinxed for us until we jinxed Coachella by beating them our second game.

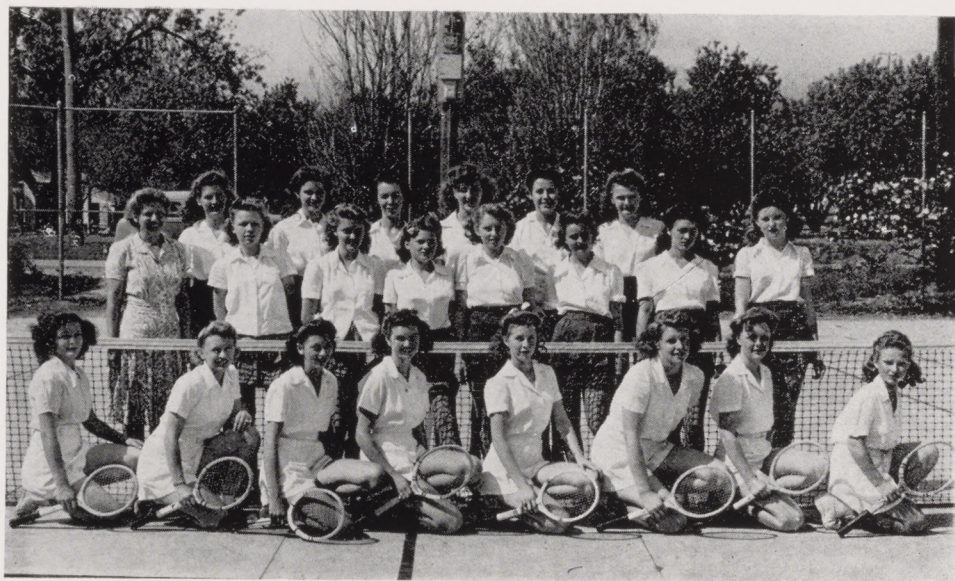
I learned from Coach that the team we had this year improved more throughout the season than any team he has coached.

I think the boys did very well considering the disadvantages they had all year.

Players:

D. Stanfield	Guard
Edward Hemmerling	Guard
Don Weaver	Center
Lowell Lewis	Guard
Stanley Krause	Guard
Bob Black	Forward
Bob Irvin	Forward
Bill Ritter	Forward
Wayne Germain	Forward

BASKETBALL



First Row: E. Nay, M. Johnson, T. Peters, P. Urton, B. Stacey, B. Gray, S. Partch, M. Andrew.
 Second Row: Mrs. Varney, H. Davis, B. Chandler, M. Scott, D. Armstrong, B. Terrance, B. Arnold, G. Schneider.
 Third Row: D. Williams, M. Morris, J. Vaughan, M. Hill, J. Whitlock, M. Johnson

One day while walking past the tennis courts, I heard shouts of "Deuce," and "Ace." I wondered what was happening. Were students of Banning High School actually playing cards? Further investigation disclosed a hot game of tennis, not rummy, in progress.

I have not seen any interscholastic tennis matches this year, for the war has curtailed interscholastic athletics. The boys have been training for Junior Commandos and that doesn't include tennis. Tennis usually includes the best looking people in school!

As this article is being written, the top four girls in singles tennis are:

1. Shirley Partch
2. Norma Kirby
3. Barbara Stacey
4. Thelma Peters

Doubles Tennis: Barbara Stacey and Mae Andrew, Marjorie Johnson and Norma Kirby, Shirley Partch and Mary Francis Johnston.

TENNIS

CALENDAR

- Sept. 23 to Oct. 6—Prune vacation.
Oct. 23—Banning at Palm Springs—Football.
Oct. 30—Beaumont Game at Banning.
 Juniors Hallowe'en Dance.
 Fri. Class assembly.
Nov. 6—Banning vs. Palm Springs.
Nov. 10—Armistice Day Program.
Nov. 11—Holiday—Alumni vs. Varsity.
Nov. 19—Motion Pictures on Football.
Nov. 20—Banning vs. Beaumont.
Nov. 24—Freshman-Sophomore Debate Tournament.
Nov. 26—Thanksgiving Day.
Dec. 5—C. B. D. L. Debate Tournament, San Bernardino J. C.
Dec. 8—C. B. D. L. Championship Debate in Assembly.
Dec. 10—Matinee, Junior Play.
Dec. 11—Junior Class Play.
Dec. 16—Girls' League Dance.
Dec. 18—Annual Staff Dance.
Dec. 21 and 25—Christmas Vacation.
Jan. 1—Holiday—New Year's Day.
Jan. 13—G. A. A. Initiation.
Jan. 15—American Legion Oratorical Contest.
Jan. 15—Class Party (Sophomores).
Jan. 29—Speech Class Banquet.
Feb. 5—Basketball—Palm Springs vs. Banning
Feb. 9—Lion's Club Oration Contest.
Feb. 12—Holiday—Lincoln's Birthday.
Feb. 22—Holiday—Washington's Birthday.
Feb. 19—County American Legion Oration Finals in Banning.
Mar. 5—Operetta.
Mar. 10—C. B. D. L. Debate Tournament at San Bernardino.
Mar. 12 and 13—N. F. L. Tournament at Alhambra.
Mar. 19—Elementary School Carnival.
Mar. 26—G. A. A. Dance.
Apr. 9—Girls' League Spinsters Dance
Apr. 16—Freshman Play.
Apr. 19 to 23—Easter Vacation.
May 5—American Legion Trophy Tournament.
May 7 and 8—State Speech Tournament, Redlands University.
May 14—Junior-Senior Banquet
May 21—Senior Play.
May 27—Inauguration of Officers—Musical Program
May 28—Scholarship Day
June 4—Sophomore Hi Jinks.
June 4—Annals Distributed.
June 6—Baccalaureate.
June 11—Graduation.

SHORT STORY OF THE YEAR

OUT OF THE FOG

"All right, fellows, let's go." The sharp order of the Squadron Commander made each flyer hurry to his plane.

—"And as for you, Thompson," he spoke directly to a fair haired, slender flyer who was sliding into his seat—"Let's hope the gremlins don't get you, **this time!**"

Did he imagine the sarcastic tone of the Commander? Were they trying to put him on the spot because he had had so much bad luck ever since he started the flying school? It wasn't his fault his plane broke and forced him down the first time they had really met the enemy. And then those lousy mechanics had reported to the Commander that there was nothing wrong with his plane. Trying to make him look yellow, that was it! Just because they had a grudge against him!—He wasn't afraid—much! Anyway there was no sense in all this daredeviltry, risking his life and his plane. Oh, sure, they were all brought up in the tradition of the great Gilbert—the Ace of all Aces, whose courage and daring had made the Panther Squadron known and feared throughout this part of the world. He probably didn't know what it was to be nervous—to have his hands shake so they couldn't handle the stick and his feet slip off the controls, they were trembling so. He had always been the nervous type, and probably Gilbert wasn't. Anyway when his heart was throbbing like this it really made him feel sick all over—and a sick man is no good as a pilot—anybody knows that. But he would have to stick it out—he wouldn't dare go back now. He'd even rather face the Japs than hear his comrades laugh at him—see them smile as they said, "You couldn't have felt quite up to it today either, did you Thompson—or was it just the gremlins—?"

"A good paper flyer" they called him—he knew what they said. He was the best at handling a plane in the whole outfit, and his dead-reckoning when they had to fly blind was perfect. In peace times he knew he would have been a good pilot—but this "kill or be killed" stuff was making him go all to pieces. If he didn't make good this trip, he would be sent back, grounded, and disgraced, too. Maybe even that would be better than cracking up—dying in a burning heap of molten steel, as he had seen some of his pals do.

There they were now—the Zeros—a long line, in perfect formation headed straight for him. Dimly, almost unconsciously, he heard the order to dive—then he came up automatically, still in his place in the formation. But the Japs had opened fire—two of them were concentrating on him. He felt the whole plane tremble. He would have to go down now—something very vital must have been hit. So he dropped out of formation and pointed the nose down, toward a little atoll he could see below him. It was only common sense—he knew he had been hit. Probably Gilbert would have stayed and fought it out—but he wasn't Gilbert. Let the rest of the fellows be heroes if they wanted to—he just couldn't make his hands stop shaking and that island certainly looked good as it seemed to fly up to meet him!

Funny! Where did this darn fog come from? It had been a clear day—the Pacific is funny, he thought—it certainly does queer things. Anyway, he made a perfect landing on the little island which was unbelievably green and beautiful. He

stepped out of his plane, grateful for the firm ground under his feet. He looked the plane over. All the bullet holes were in unimportant places. There really wasn't anything wrong with the ship—she could fly again.

There was a thick blanket of fog over all the island now—and out of it appeared the figure of a man, dressed just as he was himself, with the same Panther insignia on his arm—only that the familiar togs were torn and blood-stained and the man appeared to be seriously wounded. Thompson looked closer. My God! It was Gilbert, the great Ace! Thompson had never seen him before, but had seen enough pictures to recognize him. Gilbert spoke as if he had known him all his life. He didn't ask, "Who are you?" or "How did you get here?" He only said, "Why did you come down, pal?"

"My plane," Thompson stammered, "It was hit—the fuel line—I had to make a landing—" Somehow it didn't sound convincing, even to himself.

Again Gilbert asked, with quiet insistence, "Why did you leave the Squadron?"

"I-I-I guess I was afraid I'd be hit! I'm not a hero like you, sir. I don't have any nerve at all when I see those Japs coming at me, I go all to pieces—I can't even control my hands—I guess I'm just yellow!" he blurted out, hanging his head, ashamed to look into those scornful eyes. Anyway, it was out now, and he felt better. No more excuses or alibis. He was afraid, that was it—he was yellow! Well, at least he had admitted it.

But the great Ace spoke kindly. "Don't you think I've been nervous, too? Only a fool doesn't see the danger and dread it, but he goes on anyway because he cares about something bigger than himself. As you are going to do. Yes," as Thompson looked up in surprise, "you're going back in there and lick a couple of those Japs—for me, if you can't think of a better reason. You see," he smiled sadly, looking down at his wounded leg, "I won't be able to get any more myself—so I want you to carry on in my place." He looked strangely at Thompson. "Get a couple for me, kid, and all the rest will be for the Squadron, and yourself. I'm counting on you!"

The fog swept between them, blotting him out. Quickly, before he should lose his nerve, Thompson climbed into his plane. Before he knew it he was back in his place in formation, and no one seemed to have noticed his absence. The Squadron Commander was giving orders in his usual calm, somewhat sarcastic tone. "Watch that So-and-so behind you, Thompson! That's no gremlin—that's a Jap!"

"You bet I will," Thompson said to himself, "This one is for you, Gilbert! Why, this is something like opening interference in a football game—only a little trickier—" As he pointed his machine guns and cannon at the Zero it surprised him to see it crumple up and whirl downward into the sea.

Time went by in flashes—with blank spots in between. "Queer thing about a Jap," he said to himself, "As soon as you get the lines on him he turns tail and runs." The voice of the Commander came to him dimly, as if from a long distance—something about tail. Tail, tail? What was the darn fool talking about? Then it happened—blam! The whole universe shook! It seemed ages, though it was probably a matter of seconds, until he pulled the ship out of the spin. Even as he succeeded in righting it, he felt the lack of control, and knew for certainty that he could never land the plane now. "Don't you think I've been nervous, too?" The words rang in his ears almost as if he heard them again. "Sorry, sir, I did my best, but I guess this is it—" In the midst of all the confusion in his mind one thought was

clear—he hoped that somehow Gilbert would find out that he had gone back and had done the best he could. For once, at least, he hadn't been a quitter.

But somehow, as he struggled with the rudder, he knew that he was nearing the home base. He brought the plane in somehow—a terrifically clumsy landing, banging down the runway—then suddenly—darkness.

When he came to, he could hear a jumble of voices, the men jabbering with excitement—"practically no tail at all"—and "three Japs on his third trip up"—"You'd think he was the great Gilbert himself"—"talk about nerve." Painfully he tried to pull himself up, and as the men crowded around, he knew he was a hero.

"Wait a minute, fellows" he protested—"wait until you hear the whole story. I didn't do anything—I was so darn yellow I quit, right in the middle of the attack—picked myself a nice quiet island, and landed on it. But there I met Gilbert—and after I talked to him, somehow I wanted to go back. I guess talking to him made me see that some things are more important than saving your skin—anyway I went back up and got three for him—he asked me to. I'll sure be glad to tell him about it when I see him—Why, what's the matter?"

No one answered. Thompson could tell from the glances they exchanged that something was wrong. "Don't you believe me, Sir?" to the Commander, "You believe that's why I came back, don't you?"

"Thompson," the older man said quietly, "You never left the formation. I was watching you all the time. There are no islands in this part of the Pacific. Besides that, as you will hear over the radio when we get back to the base, Gilbert couldn't have talked to you. He was shot down a week ago. The report came in before we left, but I didn't want the fellows to know before they took off. As a matter of fact, they found his body on an island like the one you describe—but it was half-way across the Pacific from here. But that part doesn't matter—HOW it happened. Gilbert or not—SOMETHING made a man of you. The fog plays strange tricks out here, and whatever it was, we've got a new Ace, and I can tell you, Gilbert would be proud of you."

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Rough the path and steep the hill,
Step by step keep climbing still.
Wild the storm and dark the night,
Follow still faith's candle light.
Watch and work and wait and pray,
Little's settled in a day.

Worried, fearful and perplexed,
Wondering what may happen next?
Brave the present moments through
All tomorrow waits for you.
Work and wait; let come what may,
Little's settled in a day!

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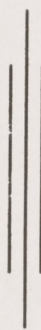


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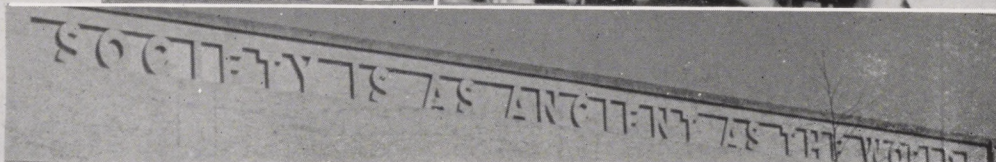
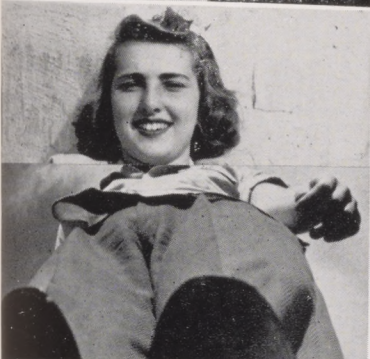
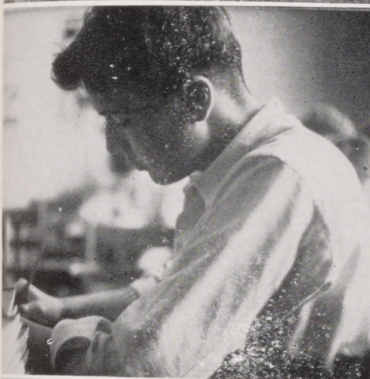
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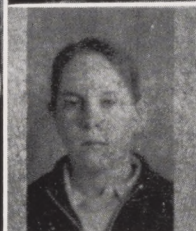
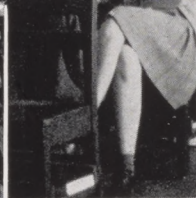
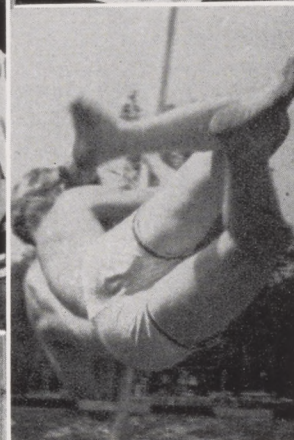
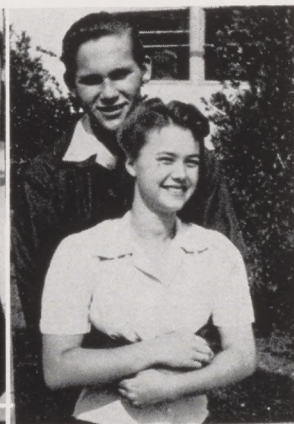
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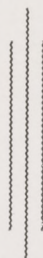


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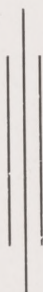
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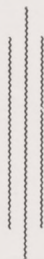
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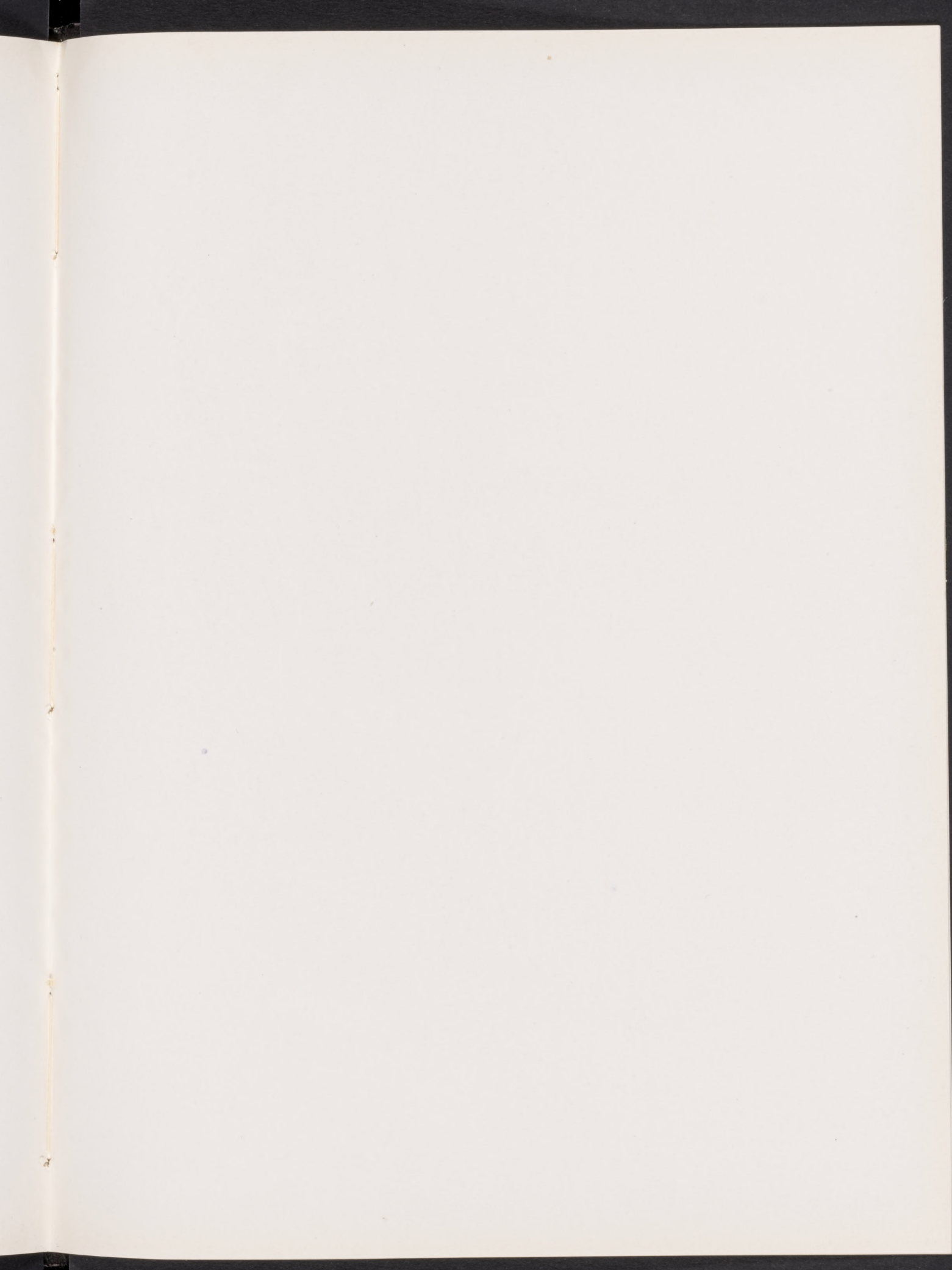
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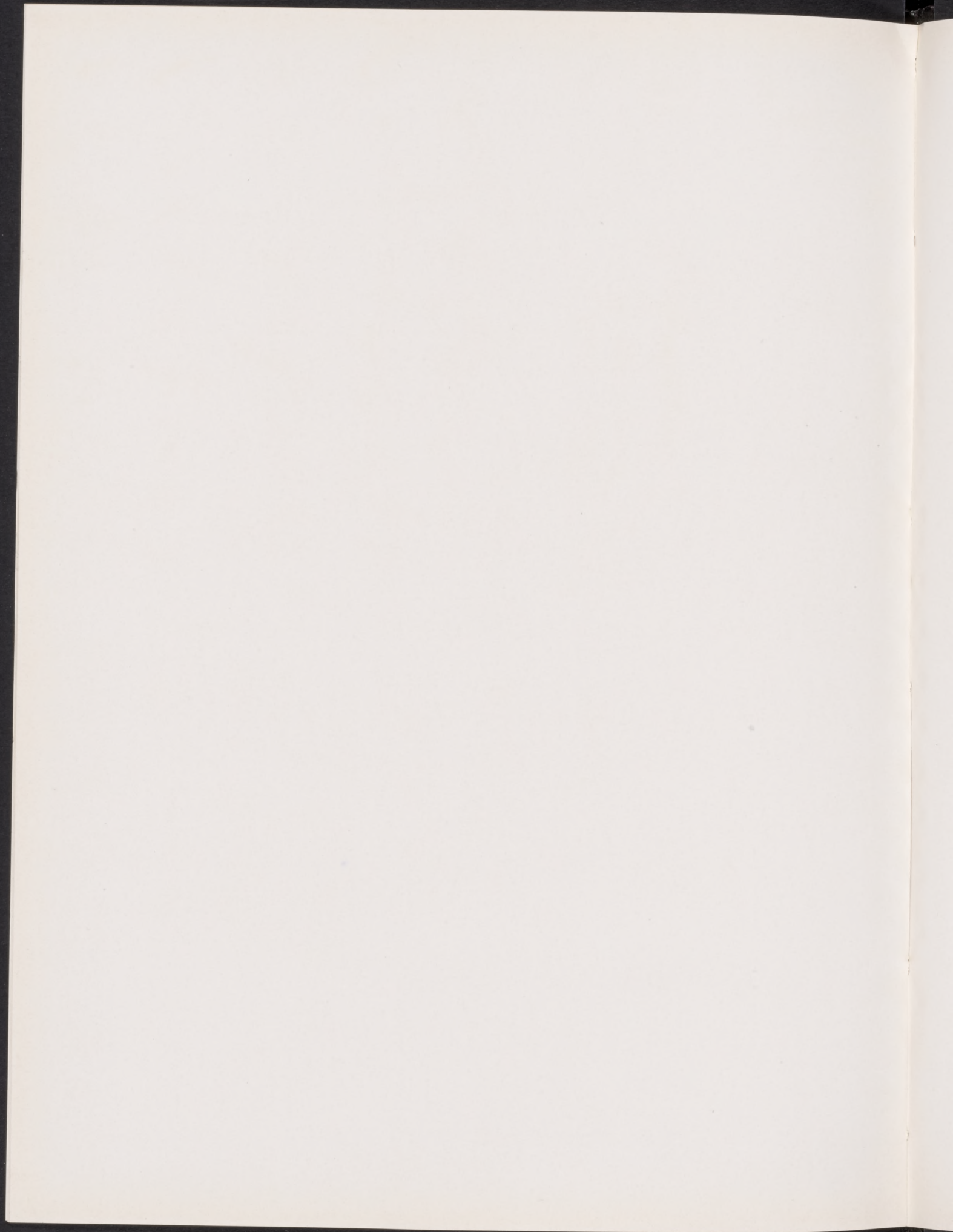


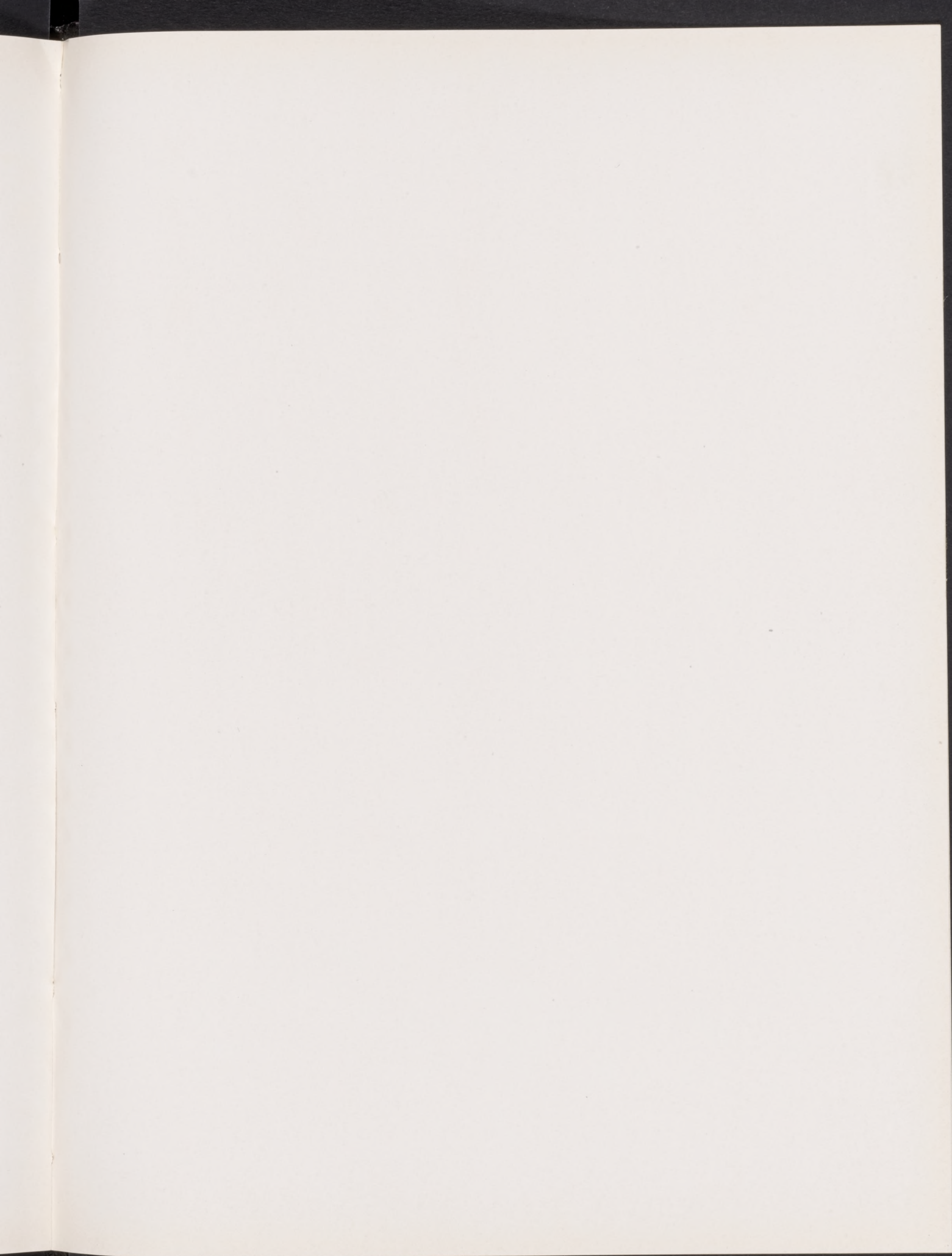
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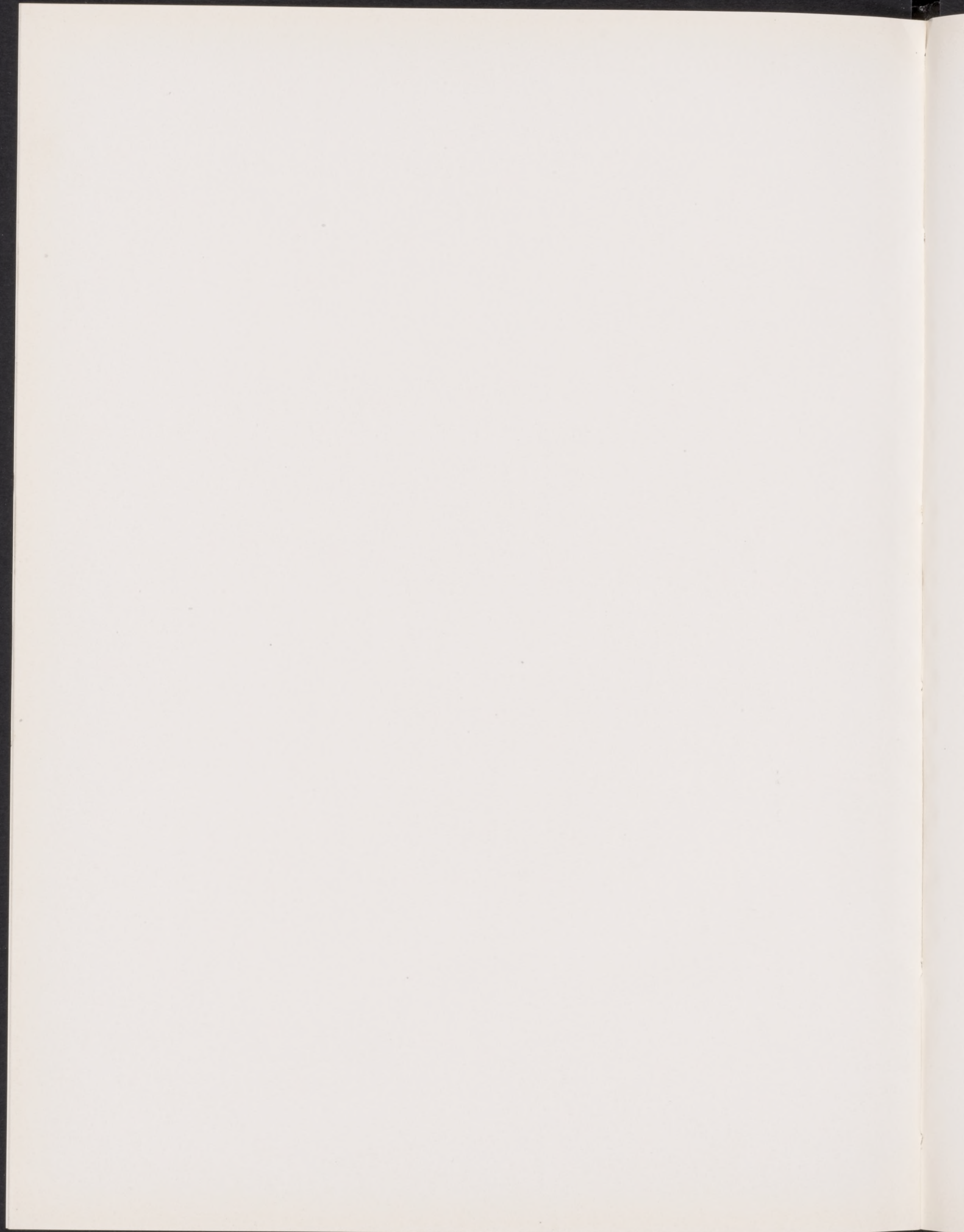
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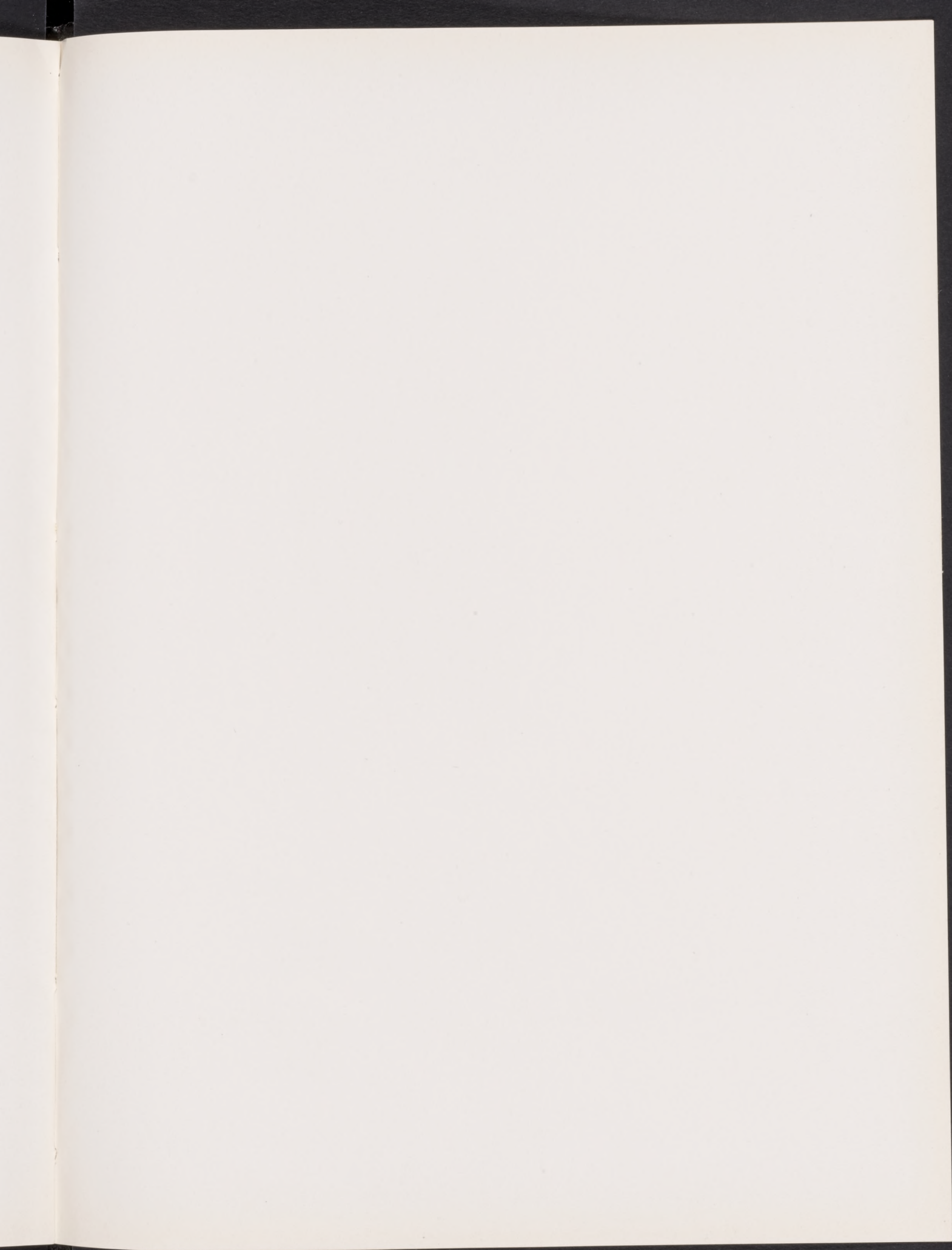
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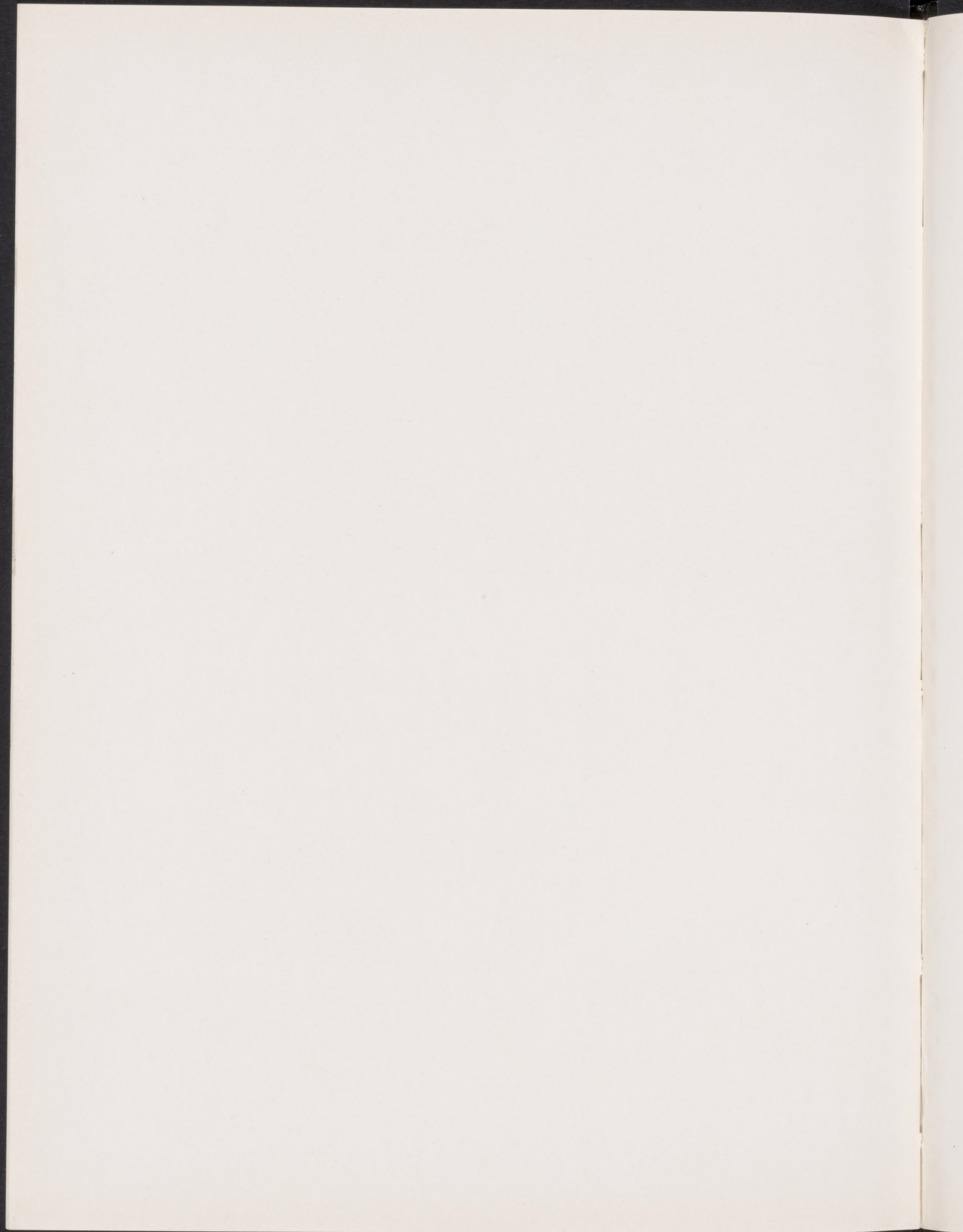


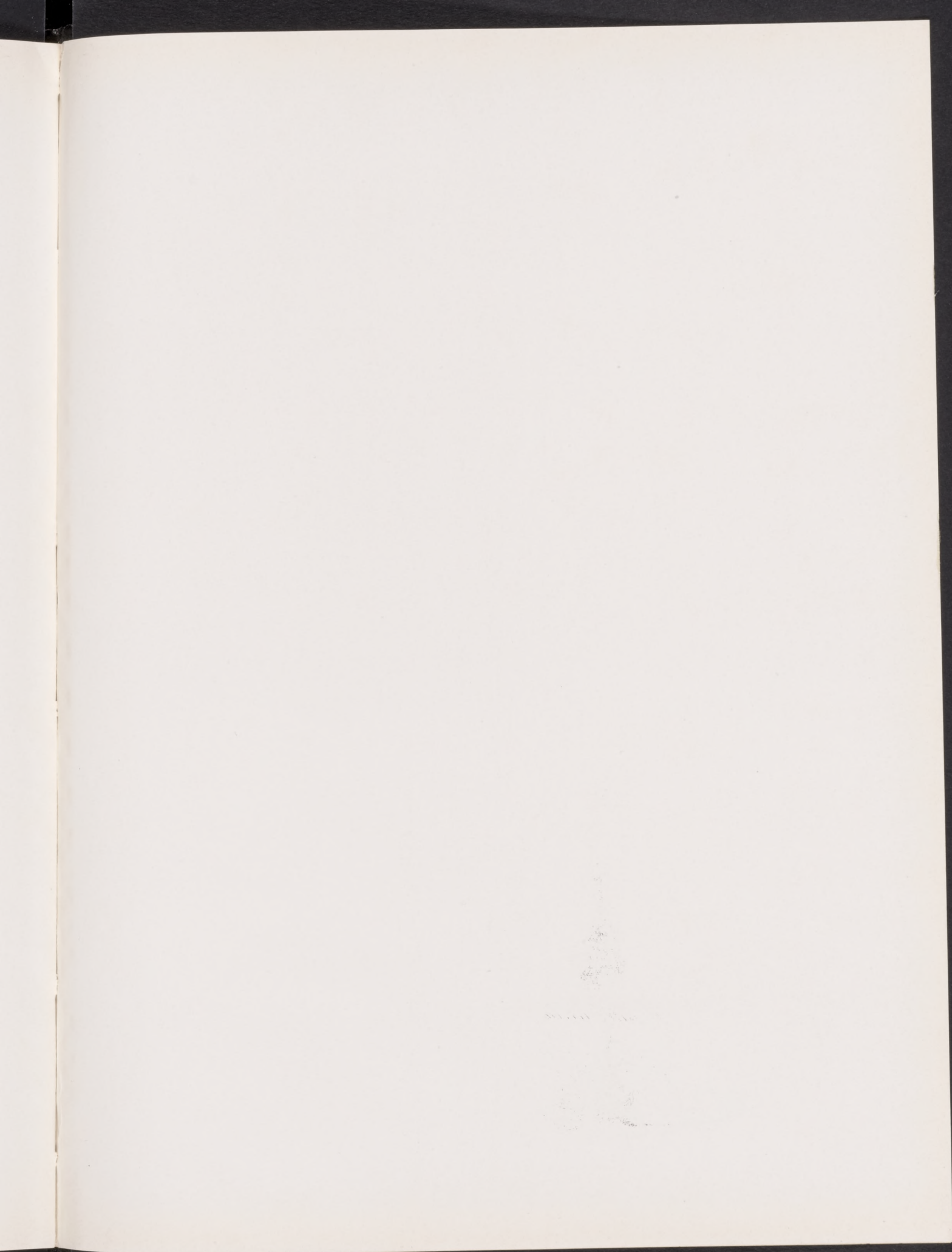




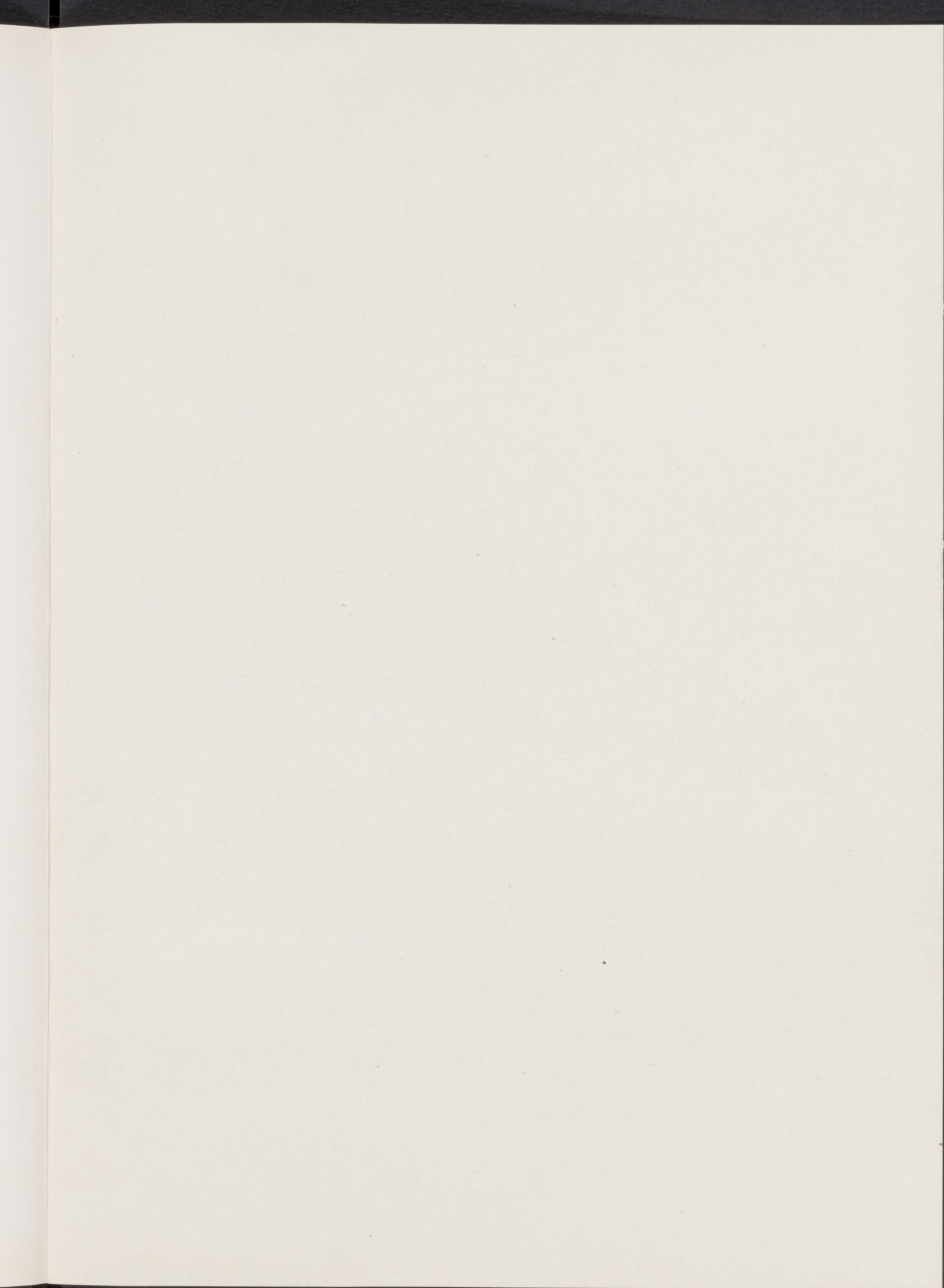


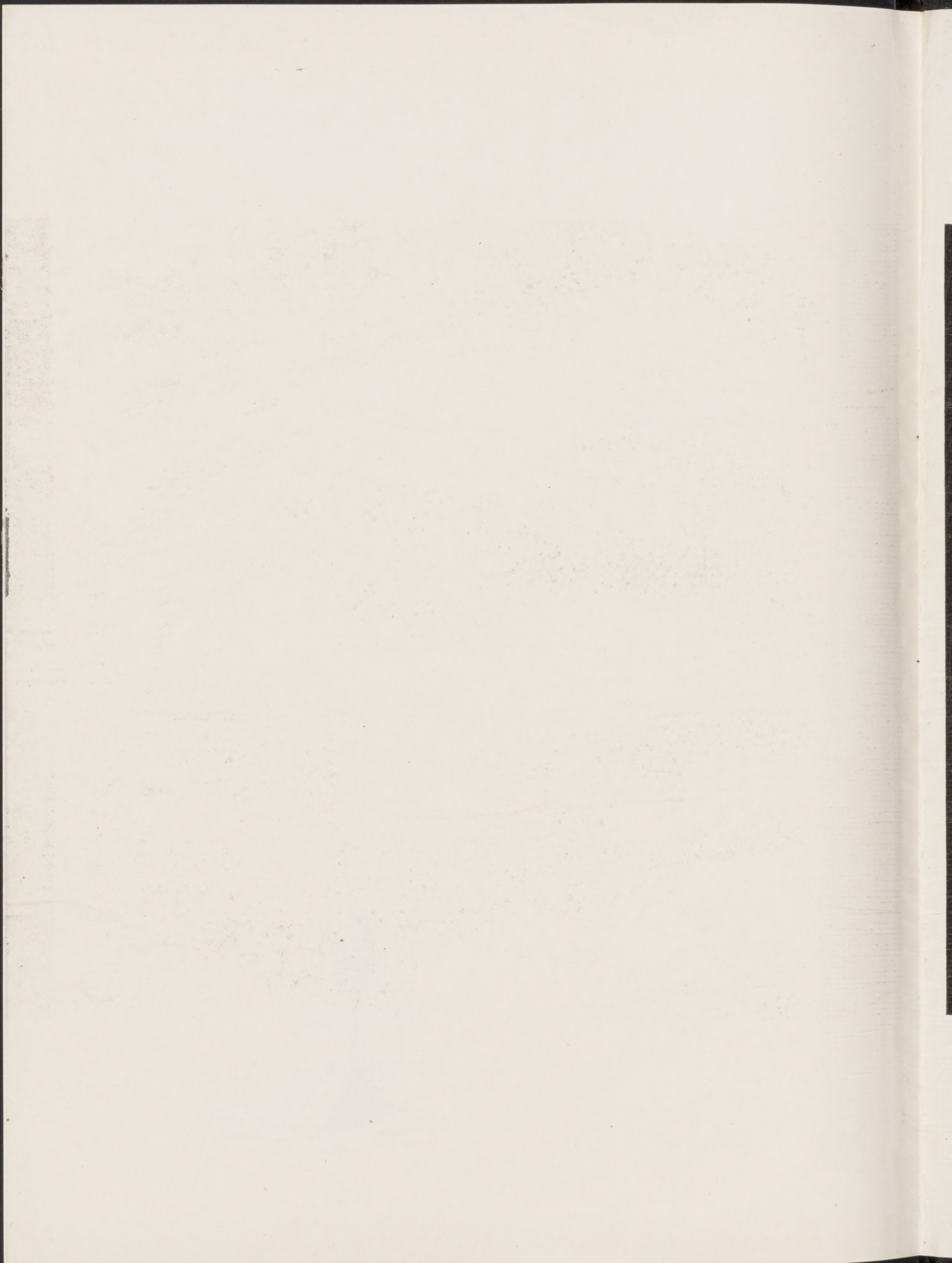












So long..



